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Accessions
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TREASURE ROOM

FIDE ET FORTITUDINE

Thomas Bennant Barton.

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Received May, 1873.
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Vertue Betray'd:

OR,

ANNA BULLEN.

A

TRAGEDY.

ACTED at His

Royal Highneſs

THE

DUKE'S Theatre.

Written by *JOHN BANKS.*

Creſcit ſub Pondere Virtus.

LONDON,

Printed for *R. Bentley,* in *Ruſſel-Street* in *Covent-Garden.*

MDCXCII.

149.551
May, 1873

To the Illuſtrious Princeſs

ELIZABETH,

Dutcheſs of SOMERSET.

MADAM,

HAving met with Succeſs in a Poem of this Nature, I was incourag'd to proceed, and lay the Scene again in a Country, that, perhaps, hath not been, nor is now inferior for Heroick Perſonages to any part of the World; and if it is not ſo eſteem'd, it has been through the dulneſs of our Hiſtorians, or the Ingratitude or Deſigns of our Poets, who may think it an eaſier Courſe to write of the Improbable and Romantick Actions of Princes remote, both by diſtance of Time and Place, than to be confin'd at home, where ev'ry School-Boy has a right to be a Critick, and ev'ry Gentleman an Intereſt to ſtand the Champion of his Family, againſt a raſh and inconſiderate Author. I ſay not this to derogate from thoſe excellent Perſons, who, I ought to believe, have written more to pleaſe their Audiences, than themſelves; but to perſwade them, as Homer, *and our* Shakeſpear *did, to Immortalize the Places where they were Born; and then, perhaps, I will ſit down, and leave it to much abler Pens.*

When I was reſolv'd to do my Country this Juſtice, where cou'd I pitch upon an Hero *more conſiderable, than out of Your Grace's Family? What Chronicle cou'd I conſult, that would have inform'd me of a Greater? The very Crown it ſelf, oblig'd by ſo many gallant Supporters, wou'd have told me a* Piercy——Piercy *whoſe Illuſtrious Name and Blood, having for a long Series of Years ran through the Perſons of ſo many Earls of* Northumberland: *And if that ineſtimable Chain was almoſt broken, in the unfortunate Death of your Father, it were never enough to be deplor'd, had not the Rich Treaſure and Cryſtal Stream of all your Predeceſſors Blood and Vertues been ſtor'd in You, which (now you have ſubmitted to take a Noble Partner, as Angels have delighted to Converſe with Men) may prove the ſecond and more laſting Fountain, from whence ſhall ſpring as many Princes more, and you reſtore what the Great* Jocelin *had like to have loſt. There is ſo much of Divinity and Wiſdom in your Choice. that none but the Almighty ever did the like; and that was, when to the Solitary Firſt of Men he gave a Wife, and with*

the Protestant Religion blesses you; the Saints above sing loud your Praise, and the Chief of all, young Edward, *its great Establisher, looks down with Joy to see his happy Successor lye in your Arms. This great Day of* Jubile, *how doubly Fortunate has it made* Me! *Since this exalted Piece, which I design'd for an humble Offering, may prove an* Epithalamium! *Long may you love, and live a thousand Years, e're envious Death shall part you; for every Day of such Illustrious Lovers is more worth than whole Years of sordid Life beside. But why do I suppose that you should ever dye! You have a thousand Charms, and Youth impregnable against Deaths Batteries this many Ages yet; and who ever was so happy as to see your incomparable Mother, and how many Years of Beauty she has to come, will think that yours shall never fade, but always bloom: You look as if you had nothing Mortal in you; Your Guardian Angel scarcely is more a Deity than you, and the bright Planet that shin'd with such amazing Influence at your Birth, makes not a more glorious Figure in the Heavens, than you on Earth.*

When I made choice of so excellent a Subject, I was not to seek for a Dedication: I was commanded to it, even by the good Fate of the Play: For, before what Patroness shou'd I kneel, but Her, the Character of whose great Ancestor was the chiefest Streak and Lineament that made it acceptable to the World? And it is as much your Grace's due, as First-Fruits are to Monarchs. For Anna Bullen, *though I drew her in all the nicest* Ideas *that ever my Pen or Fancy could be capable of; yet, I confess, she comes short of the Excellency of your real Perfections; and though her Merits rais'd her to a Crown, and she was Queen, her Fortunes were less Miraculous than yours. For Heav'n, without a Diadem, never showr'd down so many admirable Blessings of Virtue, Beauty, Birth, Wit, and Fortune, upon any One of your Sex before. I dare no further attempt their Description with my Ignorance, lest I speak too Meanly or Irreverently of 'em; therefore I'le leave the mighty Subject to some more Glorious Pen: For none but a* Cowley, *or the best of* Laureats, *ought to write of you: My mean stile has no other Ornament than Truth; and with that, and in all Humility, I return Thanks for your most Gracious Acceptance of so poor a Trifle, which has scarce given a more happy Life to the Play, than it has to the Author, who is, Madam,*

Your Grace's most Humble,
most Obedient, and
most Devoted Servant,

PROLOGUE Spoken to *Anna Bullen*, written by a Person of Quality.

To all Impartial Judges in the Pit,
And ev'ry beauteous Patroness of Wit;
I'm sent to plead the Poets Cause, and say,
There's not one Slander in his modest Play:
He brings before your Eyes a modern Story,
Yet meddles not with either Whig, *or* Tory.
Was't not enough, vain Men of either side,
Two Roses once the Nation did divide?
But must it be in danger now agen,
Betwixt our Scarlet, *and* Green-Ribbon *Men?*
Who made this difference, were not England's *Friends;*
Be not their Tools to serve their Plotting Ends.
Damn the State-Fop, who here his Zeal discovers,
And o're the Stage, like our ill Genius, hovers:
Give us a Pit of Drunkards, and of Lovers;
Good Sanguine Men, who mind no State Affair,
But bid a base World of it self take Care.
We hope there lives not so abhorr'd a Thing,
But loves his Country, and wou'd serve his King.
But in your Parties, why should we engage,
Or meddle with the Plots of a mad Age?
We lose enough by those upon the Stage.
Welcome Mask-Teazer, Peevish Gamster, Huffer;
All Fools, but Politicians, we can suffer;
A Gods name, let each keep to his Vocation;
Our Trade is to mend You, and not the Nation:
Besides, our Author has this further End,
'Tis not enough if but One Side's his Friend;
He needs you All, his weakness to defend:
And to oblige you to't, hopes he has shown
No Country has Men braver than your own.
His Hero's all to England *are confin'd;*
To your own Fathers (sure) you will be kind.
He brings no Foreigners to move your Pity,
But sends them to a Jury of the City.

Persons

PERSONS Represented.

KING Harry.	*Mr.* Smith.
Cardinal.	*Mr.* Gillow.
Northumberland.	*Mr.* Wiltshire.
Piercy.	*Mr.* Betterton.
Rochford.	*Mr.* Jos. Williams.
Anna Bullen.	*Mrs.* Barry.
Lady Diana Talbot.	*Mrs.* Petty.
Lady Eliz. Blunt.	
Young Princess Elizabeth.	

Ladies, Gentlemen, Attendants, and Guards.

SCENE
London.

VERTUE BETRAY'D:

OR,

Anna Bullen.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Northumberland *and* Rochford

North. THis is the Day ſhall Crown your Parents wiſhes,
And long expecting hopes: The King intends
To publiſh ſtreight his Marriage with your Siſter,
And make her known by th' Title of his Queen:
The reaſon why it was ſo long kept ſecret,
Was our great Cardinal's Delays, and Tricks
Of *Rome*, which *Harry* has with Frowns diſcover'd:
But ſince, in ſpite of *Woolſey* and the Conclave,
By Reverend *Cranmer* has the Cauſe been try'd;
And *Katherine* is this day proclaim'd divorc'd.

Roch. Heav'n be my Witneſs, brave *Northumberland!*
It joys not me, but that it is his Pleaſure,
Whoſe happineſs we all are bound to pray for;
And may my Siſter's Crown ſit lighter on
Her Brow, than does the Honour upon mine:
Something of boding whiſpers to my Soul,
And tells me, Oh! this Marriage will be fatal——
Methinks I ſee a Sword ty'd to a Thread,
Small as a hair, hang o'er our Pageant Greatneſs:
Believe me, Friend; Thrones are ſevereſt Touch-ſtones;
And, like the Emblem of their Guard, the Lyon,
All but of Royal-Blood they will deſtroy.

North. My Lord, this is ſevere to all that love you;
And you reflect unkindly on your Fortunes.

Roch. Fortune! why did ſhe lay her load on her?
load, I ſay, to quiet Minds——ſhe ſhould

Have

Have cast it upon one that was ambitious:
My Lord, it had been kindly done of Fortune,
T'have seen my Sister wedded to her Vows,
Your *Piercy*'s Wife; and not at one time made her
Both Cruel to the Queen, and False to him.
North. You know, my Lord, we all are Witnesses
With what remorse she took the Regal Burthen,
That sate upon her like a heavy Armour
On a Child's back; she stagger'd with the Weight.
Roch. Oh! may it not be fatal to us, Heav'n!
For at the very time she gave her Hand
To th' eager King to fasten't with a Pledge,
The Ring fell off, and could no more be found.
North. Meer Chance, my Lord.
Roch. And then immediately,
When the glad Ceremonies were perform'd,
The amorous King bending to Kiss her Hand,
A shower of Pearls broke passage from her Eyes,
And all-bedew'd his Head with ominous Tears.
North. The common use of every bashful Bride.
Roch. What will she do when she shall understand
Our foul Designs, and *Piercy*'s Innocence;
His Letters to her that you intercepted,
And counterfeited others to deceive her,
To make her once believe that he was marry'd?
But what a mortal Grief will seize your Son,
When he shall find his Mistress was betray'd;
And forc'd to marry one she cannot love?
North. To prevent that: Soon as he's come to Court,
Just but to see she's marry'd, and no more,
(Not giving him the time for second thoughts)
I'll make a Match between him and the Heiress
Of *Shrewsbury*.
Roch. A very gallant Lady:
As Virtuous, Beautiful, and Richer far
Than all our Generation of that Sex.
North. You wrong your self to flatter me. Her Father
Brings her this day on purpose from the Country:
But the Queen thinks already they are marry'd.
Roch. And are you sure to gain your Son's consent,
To what he has been still so obstinate?
North. Rage and Despair, when he shall find her false,
Will make him rashly change to any state;
And, thinking to be miserable, will plunge
Into the dreadful Sea of Matrimony,
And make himself, though much against his Will,
The happiest man that ever was on Earth.

Dian.
Quee *Enter Lady* Diana Talbot.
Diana
D: comes, Triumphant in her Eyes the joy
In hat once like Tides o're-flow'd my fruitful Breaſt.
How proud ſhe bears her ſelf to ſee my pain!
Whilſt I look up to her, and ſigh in vain!
But I will hide it, and forgive me Heav'n; [Diana *Kneels.*
For 'tis the firſt time that I e're diſſembled———
"Riſe dear *Diana*, you have been a Stranger;
Could nothing but a Queen drag you to Court?
I owe this Kindneſs to my Royalty,
And not your Friendſhip———.
Dian. Pardon, mighty Princeſs!
I had been bleſt for ever in your Preſence,
Charming in all Eſtates as well as now,
Had I been Miſtreſs of my Inclinations.
But———
Queen. 'Tis no matter, I'le allow your Reaſon,
A Cauſe ſo indiſpenſible and juſt,
That 'twere a fault in me to blame ſuch Virtue.
Dian. Indeed a Parents Will ought ſtill to be
Obey'd, next Duty to your Majeſty.
Queen. And ſomething yet more binding——Do not bluſh——
Come I'le unriddle all, and ſpare your Tongue
The trouble, and your baſhful Cheeks the Fire.
Dian. What fire? what bluſhes do you tax me with?
I feel not any but what Wonder raiſes,
And bluſh becauſe I cannot comprehend.
Queen. You are unkind, why make it you a ſecret?
And but to me, when all the World reports it.
Dian. There is no ſecret; nothing I would hide
From ſo ador'd a Friendſhip as my Queen's.
Queen. Why d'you ſuſpect me then? [*Aſide.*] How loth ſhe is
To tell it me! As loth as I to hear it:
Sure ſhe ſuſpects how fatal 'twill be to me;
And the proud Man has triumph'd o're my weakneſs!
And told her all my Paſſion with a ſcorn———
'Tis ſo; whilſt poor, regardleſs, innocent I
Was all the while their Cenſure and their Paſtime,
The Fool, whoſe Story acted made 'em ſport,
And gave new edge to all their ſated Joyes;
Nay and perhaps drew Pity from their Pride?
Pity! good Gods! muſt I endure their Pity?
You will not own it then? But 'tis no matter. [To Diana.
When ſaw you *Piercy*?
Dian. Piercy Madam!

Queen. Yes,
Why did you ſtart! has he a Name ſo horrid?
But now you ſpoke as tho' there were not ſuch
A Man i'th' World, and wonder'd at my meaning;
But yet have all the Agonies to hear him nam'd:
Him you would hide, but cannot hide your Bluſhes.
Dian. Good Heav'n! by what ſtrange Miracle have you [*Aſide.*
Reveal'd my ſecret Paſſion to the Queen?
I never told my Grievance but to you,
And that but ſilently in broken Sighs
And ſtifled Tears———
Queen. 'Tis plain ſhe is diſturb'd!——— [*Aſide.*
What can this mean? Sure one of us is mad!
Why all this Care to hide a Truth from me,
That is the common talk of all the World?
There's ſomething in't more than yet I know,
Which I muſt ſearch into by other means.
Madam, I thought when I had condeſcended [*To* Diana.
To open my Breaſt, and mingle Friendſhips with you,
You would not then deny ſo ſmall a Secret,
And now when I am Queen and may command it———
Therefore begone Leave me without Reply.
Henceforth I'le know the Perſons better, out
Of whom I mean to chuſe a Friend———Farewell———
Piercy no doubt is not ſo fondly nice,
But brags, and tells the World of his proud Conqueſt.
Dian. Forgive me firſt; then give me leave to tell you———
How 'twas diſclos'd to you, the Wonder ſtuns me;
But *Piercy* knows not yet, nor ſhall from me,
This ſecret which I thought ſcarce Heav'n found out.
Queen. Racks and worſe Tortures! Frenzies of the mind!
Hence; take her from my ſight: She will diſtract me.
Dian. O hear me firſt: Your Fury's not ſo dreadful,
As is my pain to tell: Yet I'le confeſs: [*Kneels.*
A fatal Truth it is, *Piercy* I Love———
Now pity me, and quench my torturing Bluſhes:
For Heav'n reveal'd it to you for no ill.
Queen. I am amaz'd: Still worſe and worſe, ſhe ſtabs me,
And they're Abuſes all——Ingrateful Woman!
Wouldſt have me think thy lawful Paſſion ſuch a wonder!
Is it a Crime for thee to Love thy Husband?
Dian. Ha! what is that you ſay? my Husband ſaid you!
Meant you to mock th' unfortunate *Diana*?
Queen. No. I will ſay't again; thy perjur'd Husband!
Dian. Ah! Royal Madam! *Piercy* is more bleſt;
We are not Marry'd, he is not my Husband.

Dian. That were to me too great a Happineſs!
Queen, Should this be true, what would become of me? [*Aſide.*
Diana riſe: Are you not Marry'd, ſaid you!
Dian. So far from that, his Perſon I've not ſeen
In twelve long Months, this laſt long tedious year.
Queen. Art not his Wife!
Dian. By all your precious Hopes
And mine, I'm not.
Queen. Is *Piercy* then not marry'd!
Support me Heaven! and with a wonder ſave me; [*Aſide.*
Call all thy Virtue and thy Courage ſtreight
To help thee now, or thou art loſt for ever.
Am I then cheated! and is *Piercy* faithful!
If I can bear all this, I challenge *Atlas*
To live under a Load ſo vaſt as mine.
Ah *Piercy!* injur'd *Piercy*! injur'd *Bullen*!
But hold, there's yet a greater task behind,
And that is to Diſſemble well.——*Diana*!
Dian. Madam——
Queen. Thou wonder'ſt at my Curioſity,
As tho' I were concern'd at this falſe Story.
I'll tell thee why: It has been long reported,
That you and *Piercy* were in private Marry'd.
Dian. Such a report came likewiſe to my hearing;
But how 'twas rais'd, by whom, or why, I know not.
Queen. Too well the dreadful cauſe of it I know. [*Aſide.*
This, when I heard, I took unkindly from you:
I was your Friend, you ought no more to ſteal
A Marriage from a Friend, than from a Father.
And when you aggravated, as I thought,
By your unkind denial, it enrag'd me;
For which I hope, *Diana*, you'll forgive me——
Methinks I do it rarely—— [*Aſide.*
Dian. Beſt of Queens!
Thus on my Knees, I ought to beg that Pardon:
I only did offend, my Gracious Miſtreſs.
Queen. Riſe to my Arms——This Kiſs now Seals thee mine
For ever.
Diana. Oh moſt admirable Goodneſs!
Queen. This tenderneſs betrays me, melts my Soul! [*Aſide.*
A fatal Engine that draws all my Griefs
Up to my Eyes and Lips, juſt ready to unload
And pour 'em in at once into her Breaſt,
Whom I, of all the World, ſhould hide 'em from.
Oh for ſome Wild, ſome Deſart to complain in,
Some vaſt and uninhabitable place;
Or elſe ſome Precipice that butts the Ocean,

The wide, and never to be fathom'd Ocean,
That I might tell the ecchoing Rocks my Woes,
And count my Sorrows to the Winds and Seas,
More pitiful, and more relenting far,
Than falſe and cruel Mankind is to me.

Dian. You ſeem diſturb'd! Ah! what inhumane Grief
Dares ſeize your Royal Breaſt?

Queen. Come, dear *Diana*;
Go to my Cloſet with me; there, perhaps,
Some reſt may quell this melancholly Monſter;
And there it may not be amiſs ſometimes
To talk of *Piercy*, will it?

Dian. Sacred Queen,
'Twill not; and oh! I wiſh that the Diſcourſe
Would ſooth your Soul with as much Joy as mine.

Queen. Theſe are the firſt of Miſeries, the reſt
Come rolling on apace, and, *Katherine*, now
Thou art Reveng'd——Juſt Heav'n, whoſe is the Sin?
Puniſh not me, I ſought not to be Queen;
But *Henry*'s Guilt amidſt my Pomp is weigh'd,
And makes my Crown ſit heavy on my Head,
To baniſh from his Bed, the chaſteſt Bride,
That twenty years lay loving by his ſide!
How can I give it, without Tears, a Name,
When I reflect my Caſe may be the ſame?
And I, perhaps, as Slaves are by the Prieſt,
Thus gay and fine for Sacrifice am dreſt.
Ah! *Katherine*, do not envy me thy Throne,
For thou art far more happy that has none.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter *Northumberland* and *Rochford.*

Roch. THE News is ſtrange you tell me of the King.

North. Moſt wonderful, nor can I gueſs the meaning,
He came juſt now from Hunting as his uſe,
Where at Sir *Thomas Seymour*'s Houſe he was
Moſt ſplendidly and kindly entertain'd
At a Repaſt.

Roch. Took he there any thing
Amiſs?

North. No: quite contrary, ſo good humour'd,
I never ſaw him in my life more pleaſant:
But now, inſtead of going to the Queen,
With words that ſhew'd more diſcontent than rage,
He order'd all about him to retire,

And, which is ſtill more ſtrange,
Woolſey, whom all Men thought quite out of favour;
Then ſhut himſelf within his Bed-Chamber,
And there remains; nor durſt the boldeſt venture
To follow him, and ask him what he ails———
May not the Queen your Siſter, think you, be
The innocent Occaſion?

Roch. That's impoſſible!
For but laſt Night he came to her Apartment,
With all the heat and love that could inſpire
A Bridegroom, ſcarcely of an Hour's making:
With haſte he ran, and where he ſhould have ſate
He kneel'd down by her as his Deity;
Printing ſoft Kiſſes on her lovely Hand,
And ſigh'd as if he had been ſtill a Woeing.

North. Right *Harry* ſtill: For by this Flood of Paſſion
The nearer he's to Ebb and Change.

Roch. See! the King.

North. You are Brother to his Wife, and may be bold,
But I'le not venture. [*Ex.* North.

Enter King Harry.

King. Who are you that durſt preſs on my Retirement?
Ha! *Bullen*! Get thee from my ſight—Begone—— [*Ex.* Roch.
Who waits there? Why am I thus troubled?
Let none but *Woolſey* dare to be admitted. [*To the Attendants.*
Who can withſtand ſo vaſt a ſhock of Beauties, [*He ſits down.*
So many Wonders in ſo bright a Form?
When Heav'n deſigns to make a perfect Face,
A Beauty for a Monarch to enjoy,
'Tis feign'd that the moſt skilful Spirits are all
Imploy'd, and juſt before their Eyes is plac'd
Th' axacteſt, lovelieſt Angel for a Pattern;
If it be true; this only muſt be ſhe,
And muſt be mine———Who's there? the Cardinal?

Enter Woolſey.

Card. The humbleſt Vaſſal of his God-like Maſter.

King. Come hither, Sir——I ſent for thee, my *Woolſey*!
And doſt not wonder; when but yeſterday
I took from thee the Seal and Chancellour's Place?
But 'tis no matter: Do not care, I ſay:
I love you ſtill in ſpight of all your Foes——
You have malicious Enemies at Court;
Beſides the Queen, my Lord, is no good Friend

Sand. Wretched am I that have incurr'd
My Kings Displeasure, and my Queens dire Hatred!
But m' Innocence when I am dead, perhaps
May to my Royal Master, tho' too late
Appear.

King. Talk not of Death, good Cardinal,
For I have Business with thee first——By Heav'n
He that dares mutter *Woolsey* is a Traitor,
Shall dye for a worse Traitor as he is:
Keep thy own still, the Bishopricks of *York*
And *Wincheſter*, and Cardinal, that is
Above my Grant; and when I give thee leave,
Go to thy Dioceſs, and live to spite 'em.

Card. Immortal Wreathes, and Diadems of Saints,
Crown you in Heav'n for this Royal Goodness.
I am grown old, too weak to guard me from
My Foes, but for your Majesties Protection.

King. O *Woolsey*! be to me but half so kind,
As I shall be to thee. *Seymour*, my Father!
The lovely *Seymour*, whom thou toldst me of,
I did devour her Beauties from thy Lips,
And fed my Ears with the delicious Feast;
But since I've seen this Wonder of her Sex!
The Charming'st Creature e're adorn'd the World;
And find her all as far above thy Praises,
As Heav'n can be beyond Man's frail description.

Card. Have you then seen her, Sir?

King. O yes, my *Woolsey*!
And having seen her, guess, I needs must be
But wretched without her, or thy assistance.

Card. This goes as I expected. [*Aside.*

King. Help thy Prince!
Why art so slow? Has *Woolsey* lost his Courage?
That Wit that Emperours and Popes has sway'd——
So, let thy Brain begin to travel now;
Bring forth thou more than King; thou more than Man;
Thou hast a Mine within that subtle Breast,
The Stone which dull Philosophy has toyl'd
In vain for——Make me Master of thy *Indies*——
Lend me thy Wit to purchase *Seymour* for me.

Card. You have the Means already in your hands,
Power is the greatest Charmer of that Sex.

King. Command my Power, my Kingdoms to thy aid,
Join to thy Foxes Tail my Lions Skin;
Take thou my Scepter, bind it to thy Cross,
And to thy Mitre add my humble Crown;

'Tis all my *Woolsey*'s. *Woolsey* shall be King.
I ask but only *Seymour* in Exchange.
Card. You bid too much: Send for her streight to Court;
Make her a Marchioness, or else a Dutchess;
There's hardly now a Woman but will sell
A foolish Honour that none sees, for that
Which makes a Noise and splendour in the World.
King. How thou deceiv'st my eager Expectations!
This I have done without such rare Advice:
But oh she is inflexible to all!
Deaf to the sounds of Vanity and Pomp!
And more remorseless than a Saint or Hermite.
Her Chastity cold as the Frozen Stream,
And then as hard, and never to be thaw'd,
As Crystal Rocks, or Adamantine Quarries:
That oh I fear, had I but what I covet,
The Crown from *Bullen*'s Head, to offer her,
'Twould scarcely tempt her to thy Prince's Bed.
Card. Then, Sir, I doubt 'tis hardly in my Power
To help you.
King. Ha! false and ungrateful Man!
Is that then all the hope your Brain can give me?
Card. It is impossible; if she be Virtuous,
That e're she shou'd be had by Force or Cunning.
Therefore apply this Remedy a while,
Have but a little Patience 'till 'tis Lawful.
King. Traitor and Poisoner of thy Master's Rest,
Must I despair? Is that thy precious Council?
Did I descend to ask Advice from Hell?
Consult thy Wicked Oracle for this?
To tell me what is Lawful?
Card. Understand me.
King. Give me some hopes, or, by thy damn'd Ambition,
I'le crumble thee to dust; puff thee to nothing:
And make thee less and more dejected far
Than the base Fellow that begot thee, Priest.
Card. Hear me but——
King. Why didst thou infect my Breast,
And with thy venomous Tongue deceive me, worse
Than the old Serpent that in Paradise
Betray'd the first of Mankind with a Bait?
So thou, lurking and hid amidst the Charms
Of *Seymour*'s rare and unsuspected Beauties,
Sungst me her Praises in such tempting Words,
That I with ravisht Ears swallow'd the sound,
And never saw the Sting I suckt in after.
Card. You will not give me leave t' explain my self,

Nor yet to give you Remedy.
King. Tell me;
For Remedy I'le have from Heav'n or Hell,
Or I will take thy Blood, thy Scorpions Blood,
And lay it to my Grief till I have eaſe.
Card. Your Fury will not let you underſtand me:
When I advis'd to ſtay till it was Lawful,
At the ſame time I meant to let you know
'Twas not a thing ſo hard to bring to paſs.
King. Ha! ſaid again like *Woolſey*! tell me ſtreight,
My Soul waits at the Portal of thy Breaſt,
To raviſh from thy Lips the welcome News,
E're they have minted into Words thy Thoughts——
Quick, what can lawfully make *Seymour* mine?
Card. Make her your Queen.
King. Make her my Queen!
Card. Yes, Sir.
King. Sure I but dream; what doſt thou mean? or how?
Card. Inveſt her Head with *Anna Bullen*'s Crown.
King. Sure thou art mad, and would make me ſo too——
What, whilſt ſhe lives?
Card. Ay, whilſt ſhe lives I ſaid:
Is that ſo ſtrange a thing that ne're was done?
Divorce her.
King. Ha!
Card. What is't that makes you ſtart?
Divorce her, and take *Seymour* to your Bed.
King. How! take good heed what 'tis thou pull'ſt upon
Thy ſelf——Divorce my lawful virtuous Wife
Without a Cauſe!
Card. There is a Cauſe.
King. What is't?
Card. Pretend Remorſe of Conſcience.
King. Gods!
Card. Ne're wonder:
Say you are troubled and diſturb'd within.
King. Eternal Villain! *Lucifer* the Damn'd. [*Aſide.*
Traitor, at what?
Card. At that which ſeiz'd your Mind,
When *Katherine* you divorc'd for *Anna Bullen.*
Conſcience! Conſcience!
King. Horrid tormenting Fiend! [*Aſide.*
Thou know'ſt ſhe was my Brother's Wife, and *Bullen*
On no ſuch juſt pretence I can diſclaim.
Card. No matter; on the like diſtruſt of Conſcience
That made you do the one, you may the other.
Give out that ſhe's not lawfully your Wife,

The

The first alive, and that you never had
A Dispensation from his Holiness.
King. His Holiness! I'm blasted with the thoughts:
Pernicious Traitor! How can this be done?
Card. Leave it to me; Consent you, 'tis enough:
And I'le engage, on forfeit of my life,
To get a Licence from our Holy Father
To disanul this Marriage, and to take
Into your lawful Bed the Beauteous *Seymour*.
King. But then I still remain unfreed from *Katherine*.
Card. The Church shall grant a Dispensation too
For that:
King. What Horrour's this I hear! Can this be true?
In all my wanton and luxurious Youth,
Or in my blackest thoughts of Lust and Rage, [*Aside.*
I ne're yet found one Wish amongst them all,
Of such a deep Infernal hue. The Horrour
Has kindled my whole Blood into a Flame,
And made me blush a deeper Scarlet than
This Villain's Robe. Disloyal wicked Monster!
But I will strive to hide my just Resentments.
Divorce my second Wife without a Cause! [*To him.*
Could it be done, what would the Nation say?
What would the Action look like, but a Hell?
To warn succeedings Princes from the like,
And blot me from the Scrole of Pious Kings:
Could it be lawful *Woolsey*, I would hearken.
Card. Then lawful it shall be in spight of Scruples:
I see your Conscience is an Infant grown,
A Child again, and wants to be instructed——
Come, let me lead you by the hand, and point
A way for you to walk on even ground;
So safe, the nicest Conscience shall commend
And choose it.
King. Now thou dost rejoice thy Prince.
Card. What if she be unfaithful to your Bed,
And prov'd so?
King. Ha! there's Thunder in that word,
The Bolt ran through, and shiver'd me to pieces.
Disloyal to my Bed! Adultrous! Hah!
Saidst thou not so? Yet hold, if this be true,
There hangs a Shower of Cordial in my reach
To cure this horrid Fit. *Woolsey*, beware
How thou dost dally with my hopes and fears;
Look to't, and see you wrong her not; for if
Thou dost, by all the Plagues thy Soul deserves,
All Hell shall be too little for thy Carkass:

New Hells shall be created, and more hot
Than what's prepar'd for Traitors, Parracides,
For Ravishers of Mothers, lustful Nuns,
For *Lucifer* himself t'endure; nay more
Than Villain, Pope, or Cardinal ever felt.
Speak how thou know'st it. Quick.

Card. Alas! my Lord,
I never meant it enter'd in my own
Particular Knowledge: but it is Reported.

King. Reported, said'st thou! is not that enough?
Report! why she is damn'd, if she's but thought
A Whore, much more reported to be so.
'Tis not the act alone that wrongs thy King;
Each Smile, each Glance, and every wanton Look,
That's meant t'another, if I leave unpunish'd,
Shall brand me with the ignominious Name
Of *Wittal*, which is worse——make me but sure
That the least Breath has utter'd such a sound,
Or whisper'd to the Air that she's Unchast,
By all the horrid Fiends that punish Lust,
And by the black Concupiscence of Hell,
I'le tumble her from the Throne into a Dungeon——
Name me the Man that is suspected.

Card. Piercy.

King. Piercy!

Card. Yes, Sir: He is the Man she dotes on;
'Tis he lies deeper in her Breast than ever;
For him she sighs, and hoards up all her wishes;
Gives him her Person warm, inspir'd with Passion,
Whilst for your self she only treats you with
The cold dead Body of departed Love.

King. Is *Piercy* then at Court?

Card. He is this day
Arrriv'd.

King. Hough! Come without my leave say'st thou?

Card. He is, no doubt to consummate their Joyes,
Their Signs and Tokens to compare, which they
By Letters and Devices in their absence
Have hourly plotted to deceive you, Sir;
And put in practice when the time is ripe.

King. Hell and tormenting Furies——I believe thee.

Card. Nay in your Bed and in her Dreams she thinks on't;
When Pleasures made you dull, it whetted her——

King. Hold, I can hear no more. By all my wrongs
And cheated Hopes, thou bring'st to my Remembrance,
How all Complaisances to me were dragg'd
And forc'd from her, like Mirth from one in Torture!

Sometimes I found her Face all drown'd in Tears,
With Gales of Sighs juſt blowing off thoſe Storms,
In fear away: Sometimes again in Bluſhes,
As if then all the wanton Heat of Love
Were darting through her Eyes to meet my Flame;
But when with eager haſte I catch'd her in
Theſe Arms and preſt her Lips, alack I found
Inſtead of Summer there no Ice ſo cold;
Inſtead of breath that would revive the dead,
No Air ſo chill, nor Winter Blaſts ſo keen.
Card. Thus all her actions ſtill will be to you:
The Roſes of her Bloom ſhe keeps for him,
The Thorns for you——Had you been *Piercy* then!
King. Let me embrace the Saver of his Prince,
The dear Preſerver of my Life and Honour!
What ſhall I do for thee, my Friend?

Re-enter Rochford.

Card. Here's *Rochford!*
Pray ſmooth your Brow, and hide your Diſcontent:
And now y'are going to the Queen ſmile on her.
Mean while ſhe'll ſtumble, like a haſty Child,
And act more plain and open to your Juſtice;
And when you find her tripping, on the ſudden
Strike like the Hand of Heav'n, a ſure Revenge,
And never let her riſe again.
King. I will——
My Lord, you may come near: Where is the Queen? [*To* Roch.
Roch. I left her in the Drawing-Room.
King. Ah *Woolſey*!
What Angel e're ſo bright as Woman was,
Had not the firſt ſcorn'd her Creator's Laws;
For neareſt his own likeneſs they were made,
'Till they by falſeneſs did their Sex degrade. [*Exeunt K. and* Card.
[*Manet* Rochford.

Roch. What means this ſudden alteration!

Enter Piercy.

Is not that *Piercy*? Oh! too true he comes!
Not like a joyful Bridgroom, as was told thee,
Poor cheated Siſter! but like one, alas!
That knows already, the baſe wrongs our Friends
Have heap'd upon him! where ſhall I avoid him?
Ah! why muſt I of all the Plot be Curſt?
To look upon a Face ſo full of horror:

That like a Hell, at once upbraids my Guilt,
And lashes me with the Remembrance?
Pier. Methinks I walk like one that's in a Dream,
A horrid Dream, and fain would be awake!
These Rooms of State look not at they were wont,
When *Anna Bullen* oft has run to meet me;
But seem like Fairy-Land, a Wilderness.
My Friends, like Beasts that never yet saw Man,
Start at my sight; and shun me worse than Fire.
What mean you Heav'ns! what mean those boding Visions!
O that some Friend, some Friend indeed would meet me!
And wake me out of it———Behold; 'tis granted———
Is not that *Rochford* there? my Dearest Brother!———
Roch. My Lord, my *Piercy*!
Pier. Come thou to my Arms.———
Methinks th'art not concern'd to see thy Friend:
When I embrace thee, 'tis a pain I find,
Thy Friendship is as cold as Winter Blasts,
Or as chill Age is to a tender Virgin!
What ails my Friend? say quickly.
Roch. Nothing ails me.
Pier. Nothing! why look'st thou then so full of horrour?
Thy down-cast Eyes call to my sad remembrance,
How passing by yon Gallery of Pictures,
That happy Gallery that was once the Scene
Of many a joyful meeting with thy Sister!
Looking with wonder on those famous Persons,
Whom the rare Painter had with so much Art
Describ'd, to make Posterity amends,
For their bright Forms now moulder'd in their Urns;
With their Immortal Shapes of Beauty here;
There as we us'd to walk, none e're so kind,
With loving Arms and tender wishes joyn'd,
A glad remembrance in their looks we spy'd,
Of what their Bodies had on Earth enjoy'd;
With stedfast Eyes they watch'd us all the while,
And when we smil'd, they would be sure to smile,
Or if we chanc'd to weep and sigh our woe,
They seem'd to pity us, and do so too:
Such sympathy they drew from all our Fears,
Our very Griefs, and every Look was theirs.
Roch. The over-flowing of your Love-sick Fancy.
Pier. But mark me now, my *Rochford*; mind the sad
Catastrophe. They look't not now like Friends
Of Comfort, but like boding *Sybils* rather;
Their Smiles converted all to darting Frowns,
Whilst with their seeming Voice and Hands, methought,

The King with *Bullen* revels all this while.
Haſte, thou ſlow Sun! when wilt thou bring the Morn?
And when! oh when ſhall the long Day be worn!
That theſe triumphant Arms may ſeize my Bride,
And claſp her gently like a wanton Tide.
In Floods of Extaſies I'le drown; and ſay,
Thus *Harry* and his Queen live all the day;
Thus he embraces her all o're, and o're;
Whilſt for each Kiſs I'le reap a thouſand more:
And for each Pleaſure they ſhall act that Night
I'le pattern then, and double with delight:
But for that rareſt Bliſs we bluſh to own,
Spite and Revenge much more my Joys ſhall Crown. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter *Cardinal* and *Blunt* ſeverally.

Card. HAIL to the Sacred Queen of Wit and Beauty;
Hail to the Empreſs of the World that ſhould be.
Blunt. What News? what Song of Comfort brings my *Woolſey*?
Methinks your Looks ſhine like the Sun of Joy,
And Smiles, more glittering than your Robes appear:
Come, for I long to be partaker of it——
Say, is it Great? Shall *Bullen* ſink to Hell?
Shall this proud Exhalation vaniſh ſtreight?
Or, ſhall ſhe ſtill be Queen t'affront my *Woolſey*?
Card. No: I'd firſt pawn both Body and Soul to Hell,
For but a Dram of Poyſon that would kill
The Heretick.
Blunt. Oh famous *Cardinal*!
Rome's Sacred Champion, and the Saints of *Rome*!
What can reward thee but the Mytre here,
And when th'art dead, a mighty Throne, as high
As was great *Lucifer*'s before his fall?
Card. Have I not liv'd more ſplendid than the King?
More aw'd and famous than was *Harry* ſtill?
Have I not ſcatter'd with a Liberal Hand,
And ſow'd more Seed to Charity, than all
The Kingdom elſe? Built ſuch vaſt Palaces,
As neither *Italy* nor *Rome* can pattern?
Which *England*'s Monarchs have been proud to dwell in.
Blunt. And but for thee, the Nation had been ſcorn'd.
Card. Who fram'd ſuch ſumptuous Embaſſies, as I,
With ſuch a Glorious Train of Servants deck'd,
As *Germany* and *France* both wonder'd at,
And thought that all the Nation follow'd me;

Whilſt *Tudor* here, as a leſs King than I,
Was ſerv'd, but with the gleanings of my Pomp?
Blunt. 'Twas *Woolſey*, our Great Maſter's greater Serva
Who, as he rode to meet the Emperour,
E're he approach'd, firſt check'd his pamper'd Steed,
And ſtood at diſtance to receive that Monarch;
Whilſt *Maximilian*, as became him beſt,
Firſt did unlight, and firſt embrac'd my *Woolſey*.
Card. And have not I rul'd *Harry* and the Nation
Shall then this ſtrong Foundation of my Greatneſs
Be undermin'd by ſuch a Wretch as *Bullen!*
By the weak practice of a ſpleenful Woman!
A thing, that I have made; a Poppet-Queen,
Dreſt up by me, to Act her Scene of Greatneſs,
And all her Motions guided by this Hand!
Blunt. Shall ſhe then Mount the Fame to ruine *Woolſey*?
Card. No; by my Self, that moment ſhe attempts it,
She pulls a dreadful Tower upon her Head;
When I begin to totter, if I muſt,
Like a huge Oak, that's leaning o're a Wall,
I'le take my Aim, and cruſh her with my fall——
Piercy's arriv'd, there's Aid for your Revenge.
Blunt. I heard ſo, and perceiv'd it by the Queen.
Card. By that ſhe has diſcover'd the deceit,
And finds him Innocent, now 'tis too late;
This makes her careleſs, to her own undoing;
For when the Amorous King comes, loaded with
Big hopes, and thinks to take his fill of Joys,
Streight, like the ſenſitive, nice Plant that ſhrinks,
And on a ſudden gathers up its Leaves,
When 'tis but touch'd, ſhe will contract her Charms,
And ſhut 'em from him in her ſullen Boſom,
As cold as Winter to his warm Embraces:
This, when the vext and paſſionate King perceives,
He'll hate, and caſt her from him in a Rage.
Blunt. See! yonders *Rochford* coming towards us,
Big with glad Looks, I hope, to be deliver'd
Of ſomething that will forward our Deſign.
Card. I will retire, and leave him to your Care,
To mannage him with all the Art of Woman;
And Hell, if Heav'n wont, inſpire your Wit
And Malice. [*Ex.* C.

Enter Rochford.

Roch. Brighteſt of thy dazling Sex,
That wears the Charms of all the World about thee;

How have I been this long, long hour in pain,
In Torments and in Darkneſs all the while!
Sun of my Joy, to waſte the tedious Day,
And Star to gaze the live-long-night away.
Blunt. O, you are grown a Courtier now indeed,
My Lord; but 'tis no wonder now, you are
Exalted, and are Brother to the Queen:
'Tis hard for one to gain a look from you,
Without the purchaſe of——I will not tell you——
Roch. Ha! Brother to the Queen! to *Jupiter:*
And if my raviſh'd Senſe deceives me not,
I will not change my State to ſhine in Heaven!
To be the darling Brother of the Sun,
Or one of *Leda*'s Twins that deck the Sky:
No, *Caſtor* I deſie thee.
Blunt Hold, my Lord;
I will not chide you, though you have deſerv'd it:
For all thoſe Raptures are but ſtarts in Love,
And ſeldom hold out to the Races end;
Or elſe like Straw that gives a ſudden blaze,
And ſoon is out.
Roch. Oh ſay not ſo, my Goddeſs!
The *Negro*, neareſt Neighbour to the Sun,
That lives under the torrid burning Line,
Feels not the warmth that does poſſeſs my Breaſt.
And, oh forgive the vaſt Compariſon,
Hell's flame is not ſo vehement or laſting.
Blunt. Enough, my Lord: I'le put you to your Trial:
Prepare, and ſee how well you can obey;
But that you may not ſtrive without all hope,
Like Slaves condemn'd for ever to the Gallies;
Here is my Hand, an Earneſt of my Promiſe,
That as I find you Faithful, I'le Reward you.
Roch. Your Hand! where am I! tell me, God of Love!
Blunt. But mark me: Hear, as from a Prophet, this:
Be ſure you merit well this firſt of Favours,
And keep the Oath you vow upon this Hand,
Elſe I'le denounce a worſe than Hell ſhall follow
Your Sacrilegious Crime.
Roch. Lo, here I ſwear——
But tell me, Heav'n! what ſignifies an Oath!
When 'tis impoſſible I ſhould be falſe?
I ſwear upon this Altar, breathing Incenſe!
Eternal Love! Eternal Conſtancy——
Divineſt, ſofteſt——Sweeteſt—— [*Kiſſes her Hand.*
Blunt. Go my Lord.
And now you have it——haſte to meet——

For never any but your King can boaſt
The like.

Roch. And he, th' unworthieſt of Mankind,
Who having ſuch a Jewel in his Breaſt,
The Crown not half ſo Sacred, were it mine,
To ſell it for a falſe and glittering Trifle:
So ſilly *Indians* barter Gold and Pearls
For Baubles.

Blunt. What your Siſter, treach'rous Man!
You do not mean it; nor can I endure
To hear her ſo degraded; if 'twere real:
Sh' has Goodneſs, and has Beauties more than I,
And merits what ſhe does poſſeſs, a Crown:
And much the more, becauſe ſhe ſought not for it;
Which is the cauſe, I fear, that ſhe's unhappy——
You viſit her, not only as a Brother,
But as a Friend, and Partner of her Councils;
You Love like Twins, like Lovers, or indeed
As a fond Brother, and kind Siſter ſhould.
How bears ſhe this unwelcome State? or rather,
Hoſt does ſhe brook the wrong that's done to *Piercy?*

Roch. All her Reflections on it ſtreight will vaniſh;
A King and Crown are Charms invincible;
No Storms, nor Diſcontents can long abide,
Where Love and Empire plead: but ſoon will flye,
Scatter'd like Miſts before the Sun of Power.

Blunt. You ſpeak indifferently, my Lord, and like
Miſtruſt of her you Love: I long to hear
The more what you would fain diſguiſe from me——
Have you ſo ſoon forgot the Oath you took?
Or is't ſo lately, that you think 'tis ſcarce
Reach'd down to Hell, to claim you Perjur'd there?
Or think you that I e're can hate the Siſter,
When with a bluſh I own, I love the Brother?
Falſe and ungrateful Man! farewell.

Roch. O ſtay!
Rip open my Boſom to my naked Heart,
And read what e're you think is written there.
Had I no Tongue to ſpeak, I'd ſuffer that,
Rather than once deny you any thing.

Blunt. He ſoftens, turns, and changes, as I'd have him; [*Aſide.*
His waxen Soul begins to melt apace:
He is my Slave, my Chain'd and Gally Slave:
Oh that I had but *Harry* ſo to torture!
But I'le revenge my ſelf on this ſoft Fool,
On *Bullen*, and on all their Race at once
That were the Curſed cauſe of my undoing.

You find my Paſſion and good Nature quickly, [*To* Roch.
That makes you uſe me thus.
Roch. Ten thouſand Pardons———
Blunt. No more; I can forgive, if you deſerve it;
I charge you, as a Sign of your Repentance,
Go viſit ſtreight the Queen, and *Piercy* too;
You hear he's come to Court, and what you learn
From them, that ought concerns their former loves,
From time to time, acquaint me with the Story,
And you ſhall lock the ſecret in my Breaſt.
As ſafe, as in your own.
Roch. 'Twere Blaſphemy
But to ſuſpect it.
Blunt. I require this of you;
Not that I doubt the Virtue of the Queen,
But know, that, worſe than Hell, I hate the King,
(To which juſt hatred 'tis you owe my Love)
And wiſh your Siſter, and all Humane kind,
Would hate him too.
Roch. I'le inſtantly obey you.
Blunt. Come back, my Lord; this readineſs has Charm'd me:
And now I can't but give you ſome kind hopes———
You may have leave to viſit me hereafter.
And talk of love, perhaps I'le take it kindly.
Roch. Bleſt Harmony! Happieſt of Mankind, I.
Blunt. And you may write to me, and beſt by Proxy:
For tho' the King not viſits me, as he was wont,
Yet he is Jealous———
Let all your Amorous Letters be diſguis'd,
Under the borrow'd Name of Brother ſtill,
Directed to me by the ſtile of Siſter,
Roch. In all things I'll obey my lovely Goddeſs!
Blunt. Theſe Papers once ſhall be of Conſequence. [*Aſide.*
See, the Queen comes, her Soul in diſcontent, [*To* Roch.
And longs to be disburthen'd. I will leave you———
A fit occaſion's offer'd, now ſhe's on
The Rack, to eaſe her by a fond Confeſſion. [*Ex.* Blunt.

Enter Queen *and Ladies.*

Queen. Where am I now?———My Brother! Is it you;
I hear that *Piercy*'s come to Court.
Roch He is.
Queen. Where ſhall I hide my guilty Face from him?
And ſhut me where he ne'er may ſee me more?
For now I ſtart at every humane Shape,
And think I meet wrong'd *Piercy* in my way;

Like one eſcap'd for Murther, in his Flight
Shuns every Beaſt, and Trembles at the Wind,
And thinks each Buſh a Man to apprehend him.——

Enter Diana.

I ſent thee to the Queen, *Diana*, ſay,
How fares ſhe in her hopeleſs, loſt Eſtate?
What Anſwer bring'ſt thou, that is Death to hear?
Come talk of Miſery, and fill my Breaſt
With Woe: I'le lay my Ears to the ſad ſound,
And thence Extract it as the Bees do Hony,
Grief is the Food that the afflicted live by——
Talk any thing; there's nought ſo dreadful as
The thoughts of injur'd *Piercy*, in my Breaſt.
Dian. The Princeſs *Dowager* is dead.
Queen. What Princeſs?
Art thou a temporizing falſe one too?
And haſt ſo ſoon forgot ſhe was thy Queen?
Dian. Queen *Katherine*'s dead.
Queen. Alas! then is ſhe dead!
Then ſhe has got the ſtart of *Anna Bullen*——
Came you too late to pay my Duty to her?
Dian. No: for ſh' enjoy'd her Senſes to the laſt,
And then not ſeem'd to dye, but fall aſleep.
Queen. So bold is Innocence, it conquers Death,
And after makes amends for all the wrongs
Suſtain'd in Life.
Dian. When I began to tell her,
I came by your command, to make a tender
Of your moſt humble Duty, and Condole
Her Majeſties Misfortune and Diſtemper;
She check'd me at that word, and as you have ſeen
A clear Sky, with a travelling Cloud o'retook,
And quickly gone, ſo ſhe put on a Frown,
Which did not laſt, and anſwer'd with a Smile:
Why did you ſay, your Majeſty to me,
She ſaid, a name I loath? Go, tell your Queen,
Let her not fix on Greatneſs to be happy,
But take a ſad Example here by me:
I, who was Daughter, Niece, and Siſter too,
To three great Emperours, and Wife, alas!
To the moſt potent Prince in *Chriſtendom*,
Muſt Dye more wretched than the meaneſt Creature,
In a ſtrange Country, 'midſt my Enemies,
Not one of all my great Relations here
To pity me, nor Friend to bury me:

And then she wept, and turn'd her gentle Face
The other way, and quickly after dy'd.
Queen. Go on; why dost thou cease this Melody?
Thy Voice exceeds the mourning *Philomels*;
The dying Swan takes not that pleasure in
Her note, as I in such Celestial Musick:
Hast thou no more of it?
Come play the Artist: Shew thou to my Fancy,
Th' Infernal Paths that lead to infinite Horror;
Op'n all the Charnel Houses of the Dead,
And fright away, if it be possible,
The sad remains of injur'd *Piercy* here.

Enter King.

[*Exeunt* Diana *and* Rochford.

King. Yonder she is, in Tears amidst her Glories!
You lavish Stars, what will content this Scorner?
From a mean Spring I took this shining Pebble,
And plac'd her in my Heart, and in my Crown,
The fairest and the best lov'd Jewel there:
And sate her on my Throne to be ador'd:
Yet she contemns all this, and would do more,
The Heavens are all too narrow for her Soul!
Gods, you must flatter and descend to her,
Or she'll not stir one jot to you——She is
So very proud.
Queen. My Lord.
King. Sit down again,
I but disturb you; therefore I'll return;
For sure they must be tender thoughts, for which
You pay such lavish Tribute from your Eyes.
Queen. Sir, I was thinking of th' uncertain State
Of Greatness, and amongst its sad Misfortunes,
What would become of me, alas! if you
(Which I've no reason to suspect)
Should change your Love; and that produc'd these Tears.
King Y'are in the right, if that should ever happen;——
But what begets such doubts within your breast?
You have done nothing to deserve such fears:
You love me, and as long as that shall last,
Mistrust not *Harry*.
Queen. by my hopes I do.
King. Blest sound. I will hear nothing but my *Bullen*:
Woolsey and Devil tempt me now no more! [*Aside.*
Then shake these Clouds of sorrow from thy Eyes.
And dart thy brighter beams, like *April* Sun-shine.

Into

Into thy Boſom, and thus lock me ever———
Oh, now I nought remember but thy Charms,
And quite forget what-e'er I was before.
One word of Bliſs, one word of Softneſs from thee,
To baniſh hence Suſpitions, like the Plague,
And clear our Breaſts from jealouſies for ever———
What, not a ſyllable do I deſerve?
Theſe Kiſſes, faint Embraces, and theſe Odours,
Are raviſh'd, not beſtow'd upon me——ha!

Queen. What means my Lord?

King. What means the Traiterous *Bullen*?
By Heav'n ſhe wants the cunning Trick and Skill;
The eaſie quick Deluſion of her Sex,
To hide her falſeneſs———By all Hell ſhe's damn'd.

Queen. O Gracious Sir.

King. Too gracious not to kill thee———
For whom, for whom are your kind looks reſerv'd?
Hide you your Minion; for his ſafeguard, do.
For were he 'mongſt his happy Stars, I'd reach him.
I'm frightful as a Ghoſt, or a Diſeaſe:
For when I think to hold her in theſe Arms,
She ſtruggles like the Quarry in the Toil:
And yields her ſelf unto my loath'd embraces,
With ſuch a forc'd and awker'd willingneſs,
As men, when they are paſt all hopes of life,
Reſign themſelves into the power of Death.

Queen. What Fiend has put ſuch thoughts into your Breaſt?
When did I wrong you? How have I been falſe?
Yet I will not complain againſt my Lord.
Since 'tis your Will———Sir, have I not obey'd you?
No Slave ſo humbly faithful to your Pleaſures,
And in your Bed, with bluſhing paid thoſe Duties
That modeſt Virgin, or chaſt Wife could do:
And if I was not wanton, pray forgive me.

King. Yes, yes, I have your outſide; but Hell knows,
And thy falſe ſelf, who 'tis enjoys thy Soul!
You yield to me indeed, 'tis true: but moſt
Unwillingly you part with your dear Sweets,
Unleſs it be to him that has your Hoard,
But guard your fatal Hony with a Sting
'Gainſt thoſe you hate———Your Perſon you reſign,
But as to Priſon; my Arms are but the Grates
Through which your mind is longing ſtill to be abroad:
Nay in the very Moment of Enjoyment:
And who would think but then I ſhould be happy?
There's ſtill another's Picture in your heart,
On which you look and fanſie, I am he,

And all the while I'm ſporting for another.
Queen. Can Heav'n hear this! O cruel, faithleſs Lord.
King. No: to thy *Syren*'s Voice I'll ſtop my ears;
A thouſand times, like them, th'haſt cheated me,
Laid my juſt Paſſion to a gentle Calm,
Whilſt Storms behind were ready to devour me.
On thy falſe dangerous Charms I'll wrack no more,
But ſeek for ſhelter on ſome kinder Shore;
A grateful Beauty here ſhall Reign alone,
And chace thee from my Heart, and from thy Throne,
Ha! who comes there? My gentle *Woolſey* come,
And with thy Counſel ſtreight defend my Breaſt.
[*The King meets* Woolſey, *and goes out leaning on him.*
Queen. Did not my Lord flye from me in a rage,
Arm'd with a Frown, and darted it quite through me?
And *Woolſey* in his Favourites place again?
Nay, then the Wonder is expir'd; that proud,
That great bad man, and *Lucifer* ne'er meant
Me nor my Virtue well——The Kings Inconſtancy
Begins to ſhews its *Janus* Face again:
And all the Doubts of an unhappy Wretch,
My Fears by Day, and horrid Dreams by Night,
Are come to paſs.

Enter Piercy.

Pier. What ſhall I fear to ſee her!
And tell her Face to Face the Perjuries
And Falſeneſs that ſh' has heap'd upon her Soul,
And ruin'd mine?——Lo, where the falſe one is!
In counterfeited Grief? By Heav'n in Tears!
As if her ſins already did upbraid her!
Juſt Pow'rs! can you behold a Form ſo fair,
And ſuffer falſeneſs to inhabit there?
The Morning Sun riſen from its watry Bed,
Leſs precious drops does on *Arabia* ſhed:
And ſacred Viols of rich *April*-Showers;
When he alternate Rain and Sun-ſhine pours;
Nor is he half ſo Beautiful and Gay,
As ſhe a wiping of thoſe Tears away.
Queen. Ha, *Piercy*! I'm betray'd. Adviſe me Heav'n!
What ſhall I do!——Begone, this place is Hell;
Vipers and Adders lurking under ſmiles,
And flatt'ring Cloths of State: Oh! do not tread here;
Under this Mask of Gallantry and Beauty,
Is a rude Wild; nay, worſe, a dangerous Ocean,
Into whoſe Jaws, Love, like a Caleſ'ure,

Will tempt us, where we both muſt ſink and periſh.

Pier. What, can ſo mean a Creature fright a Queen!
Behold a wretched thing of your undoing.

Queen. See where he ſtands, the mark of pity, Heav'n!
Shut, ſhut thy eyes, and fly with ſpeed away;
Or view the Rocks and Quick-ſands, if thou ſtay,
Leſt this rough *Helliſpont* I venture on,
And like *Leander* tempt my Fate, and drown—— [*Ex.* Queen.

Pier. Ha! ſhe's ſurpriz'd! ſhuns me! and flies from me!
And more affrighted is at *Piercy*'s wrongs,
Than guilty Ghoſts, that have ſcap'd to Earth,
Hear the Cock crow to ſummon 'em away,
And ſtart and tremble at the ſight of day.
But yet ſhe look'd not like a Foe upon me;
And as ſhe parted, told me with her Eyes,
That there was ſomething in thoſe ſpeaking Tears,
Which might Excuſe her, and Condemn her *Piercy*.

Enter Northumberland.

Nor. Son, I am come to tell you joyful News,
The King has Charm'd the fair *Diana* to thee,
And is reſolv'd to Marry her to Morrow,
And Celebrate the Nuptials with a Pomp,

Pier. The King! the King is marry'd, Sir.

North. He is.
But thou art not: H' intends to give her to thee
Himſelf: Why doſt thou ſtart? 'Twas but this day
You ſwore and vow'd, with all the ſigns of Joy,
And Duty to your Father, you'd obey me.

Pier. Alas! I did: but cannot Heav'n, nor you
Forgive a raſh, unhappy Man his Vow?

North. No: by the blood that honours *Piercy*'s Veins,
I ſwear, I will not———
For Marry'd thou ſhalt be, and that to her,
Or live a Vagabond, baniſh'd from Wealth,
From Friends, and Pity; whilſt I will advance
Thy Younger Brother to thy loſt Eſtate,
And ſee thee ſtarve; nay, more, and loaded with
The Curſes of thy Father———

Pier. Hold, Sir!———
I'll ſtrive t' obey you; not becauſe I fear
What Miſery, or Death can do to me;
Nor to avoid the hungry Lyon's Den,
Or Dragon's Teeth, juſt ready to devour me;
For know, I plunge into a State more dreadful
But that I may not be th' unhappy Cauſe

Of dragging wrongful Curſes from a Father,
Which rather turn upon his Head that aims,
Than hurt the Boſom of the Innocent.

Enter Diana.

North. See! ſhe is coming, brighter than a Goddeſs——
I'le leave you, and commit you to her Cure. [*Ex.* North.
Dian. Yonder's the dear-lov'd Man, whom all muſt love,
That loves another too. What ſhall I ſay? [*Aſide.*
Spite of my Stars, I dote upon a Perſon,
Who has no Heart, no Eyes that are his own;
Nor yet one look that ever can be mine.
Pier. Madam! d'you hear the news? My Father tells u...
W'are to be Marry'd.
Dian. So the King will have it.
Pier. The King! what would the Tyrant be a God?
To take upon him to diſpoſe of Hearts!
And joyn unequal Souls with one another!
O Beautiful *Diana*! Y'are all Goodneſs,
A ſtore of Virtues in as bright a Perſon,
As Heav'n e're treaſur'd in a Form Divine:
If ſo, what can your Eyes behold in me?
What ſee in ſuch a wretched thing as I,
To Marry me?
Dian. How Charming is his Perſon!
And much more Charming is his Grief! And oh——
How can ſhe e're receive a Wound more deadly, [*Aſide.*
Than I, tormented with the double Dart
Of Love and Pity——Some kind Deity
Aſſiſt me now, leſt I ſhould ſhew I love him,
And teach my Tongue how to bely my Heart.
Pier. You ſeem to ſtudy for ſo plain an Anſwer.
Come tell me ſtreight my faults, and what you think;
For here I ſtand, the Mark of Truth to aim at.
What is there, in this miſerable Shape,
To look on without Scorn?
Dian. Now kind Heav'n,
Lend me the Cunning now of all my Sex! [*Aſide.*
I like you juſt as well as you like me; [*To* Piercy.
Our Perſons might, for all you ſaid of mine,
Be mended both, and both receive Additions:
And for your Nature, I'le be plain, and tell you,
I could have wiſh'd a Man of better humour;
But 'tis no matter, ſince w'are both ſo bad,
We are the fitter then for one another.
Juſt Gods! what miſerable Things we are! [*Aſide.*

Oh! when shall we attain that blest abode,
Where we may never fear to speak aloud,
What's Just, and is no Sin?
Pier. What, do you hate me?
Then y'are happier one Degree than I;
For should you love me, you are truly wretched.
Dian Indeed he little thinks I am that Wretch. [*Aside.*
Tell me wherefore? [*To* Piercy.
Pier. Because the Cruel God
Has rob'd me of my whole Estate of Love,
And left me naked, desolate, and poor;
Not worth one Sigh, nor Wish, if that could pay
The Debt I owe: Nay, should you come a begging,
Cold, and half starv'd, for Succour to my door,
You would not find, in all this rifled Cottage,
One Spark, one Charitable Spark, to warm you.
Dian. Hear, Heav'n! hear, Cruel One! who-e're thou art
He loves, tho' I am slighted, scorn'd, nay hated, [*Aside*
Wou'd thou hadst my Kind Eyes, my Breast, my Soul,
Would all my Vital Blood were Balm to Cure him.
Yet will our Cruel Parents have us Marry'd: [*To* Piercy.
Then, since we must, how know we but our Bodies,
And yet more Careless and Despairing Souls,
In time may grow to such Indifference,
As quite forgetting of what Sex we are,
We may like faithful and condoling Friends,
If not like Lovers, live together.
Pier. Ay;
And when y'are sad, I'le Kiss you like a Brother;
And if you sigh, or chance to shed a Tear,
I will weep too, and ask you why you grieve;
And you shall do the like to me, and straight
Embrace me like a Sister, still remembring
The Subject of our just Complaints shall be,
You that y'are Marry'd———
Dian. You for Marrying me.
Pier. O rarely thought! 'twill be the only Means
To make us happy both against our Wills;
We'll moan, we'll sigh, we'll weep; we'll all but love——
Instead of loving, pity one another.
Dian. And who can tell but Pity may at last,
By gentle, soft Degrees, grow up to Love.
Pier. Come, let's away then, since they'll have it so;
Meet these glad Rites to all Mankind but us,
Where the malicious Charm shall joyn our Curses,
And not our Persons, but our Woes together:
Then turn us loose, like two Condemn'd, lone Wretches;

Baniſht from Earth, no Creature but our ſelves,
In an old Bark on wide and Deſart Seas,
In Storms by Night and Day, unſeen by all,
Unpity'd toſt, not one dear Morſel with us
To eaſe our Hunger, nor one drop of Drink
To quench our raging Thirſt, and which is worſe,
Without one jot of Rigging, Sail, or Steer to guide us.
Dian. Forgive me, Heav'n! Forgive me all my Sex, [*Aſide.*
That ever lov'd, or e're was ſcorn'd like me!
Tho' 'tis my Fate for ever to be hated,
Tho' we are doom'd to dwell, like wandring Wretches,
In worſe than what his worſt of Sorrow paints;
Yet I muſt love him, and reſolve to Marry him;
And now I challenge all the wondring World,
And more admiring Angels, if they can,
To find who moſt is to be pity'd, He
Or I—Quick, let us launch then with a Courage, [*To* Piercy.
Since 'tis our King and Cruel Parents Wills.
Pier. And give a rare Example to the Marry'd,
Of Conſtancy: For that which ſevers them,
Poſſeſſion of their pall'd and loath'd Enjoyments,
Our faithful Woes ſhall joyn our Lives the faſter.
Dian. And having each of us ſo mean a Stock
Of love, I in your Breaſt, and you in mine;
We need not fear that Thieves ſhould come to rob us.
Pier. Nor Jealouſie to part us.
Dian. Well then, *Piercy*:
When our expected Sentence is perform'd,
Where ſhall we take our welcome Baniſhment?
Pier. To the World's End! Far from all fruitful Grounds,
From Corn, and Wine, or any wanton Spring,
In ſome dead Soil, ſo barren and ſo curſt,
Where neither loathſom Weeds, nor Thiſtles grow.
Dian. Or ſome deep Cave, Where Winds are all ſo ſtill,
And Beaſts ſo far remote, that we ſhall hear
No Howls, nor Groans, but what we make our ſelves.
Pier. No: on ſome dreadful Rock we'll chuſe to lye,
Whoſe diſmal Top ſeems faſten'd to the Skye;
Thence we can look on all the World below,
So full of Vanity, ſo full of Woe!
And ſometimes on the Wrack-devouring Seas,
The Emblem of our preſent Miſeries:
Sigh for the Creatures, think the Storms we ſee
Our Cruel Parents, and the Wretches We.
Dian. Or waſte our Days in wandring to and fro,
And make our Lives one Harmony of Woe.
Pier. 'Till Heav'n ſhall rain down pity on us——

Dian. No.
We'll not be pity'd. Pity's half a Cure;
That will bring Comfort, which we'll ne're endure.
Pier. O my *Virago* Partner.
Dian. Nay, I dare you.
Pier. Then here we'll take an Oath, and with this Kiss
Let's strike a League with woe, adieu to Bliss!
And now I challenge the All-seeing Sun,
From his proud Prospect, his high Seat at Noon;
'Mongst all the wonders of the World, to spy
A Couple half so kind as thee and I;
Or all the Matches that e're Love decreed,
If ever Man and Wife so well agree'd.
Love oft-times flies from Misery and Pain;
But we resolve the closer to remain.
What though we Wed in Hatred, we may mend;
We but begin where others surely end,
And each of you that Marry first for love,
We are but sooner, what at last you'll prove. [*Ex. Ambo.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Blunt *with Letters*, Rochford.

Blunt. MY Lord, you act the cunning Lover well,
Paint a rare Passion under all Disguises;
Yet oh! I wish this Art had not been learnt,
But Nature in you, and true Love the Teacher;
Yet I will prize and hoard your Letters safe,
As I would fragrant Flowers within my Bosom.
Roch. O my prodigious and exalted Soul,
And my more precious Stars! I bless you all.
Is there a Man 'mongst all your Favourites,
So rich, so happy, and so lov'd as I!
Methinks, for my dear *Anna Bullen*'s sake,
If possible, I love you better now,
Since I dare call you by the Name of Sister.
Blunt. And I much more now I can call you Brother.
Roch. O my too weighty Joys! Immortal State!
And more Immortal Love!
Blunt. No more: I'le chide you.
This is too great, too violent to last———
Hold! give your Passion Breath, leave some for next,
And love not all your wishes out at once———
Where is the Queen?
Roch. I left her discontent.

Blunt

Blunt. Why, where is *Piercy?* Has she seen him yet?
Roch. Seen him she has: but would not speak to him.
Blunt. Not speak to him! Oh cruel, most inhumane!
Had she but seen him in that state as I did,
She would have spoke to him, and dy'd for him.
Roch. Alas! her Cruelty drew Pity from
Her eyes and mine.
Blunt. Would she not speak t'him then?
Roch. No; not a word: but quite o'er-came her Pity,
And went away resolv'd ne'er more to see him.
Blunt. The reason.
Roch. She'd not tell——but I most doubt
Her scrupulous Virtue is the cause.
Blunt. Impossible!
Virtue can never lodge with Cruelty.
What stain were it to th' whitest Innocence?
What crime in the severest Virtue once,
In her condition, but to hear him speak?
Come! she must see him——
Roch. Would my Life and Fortune,
Nay, all my Rights of Love, and Hopes in thee,
Could purchase her consent to see him once,
Pardon the Sallies of most mighty Friendship,
So well I wish him, I would hazard all.
Blunt. Go tell, as from your self, the sad condition
Her horrid Cruelty has brought him to.
Within this hour he enter'd my Apartment,
Not like the Great, the Brave, and Charming *Piercy*,
Whose Person none could see without adoring:
But like a dreadful Ghost, or horrid Shadow,
Far worse than what dead, melancholly Midnight,
To frighted Man e'er painted in a Dream;
The evil Genius of his Family
Ne'er look'd so mad, nor threaten'd half the woe,
As he did to himself.
Roch. Unhappy *Piercy*.
Blunt. At first his sight was pointed to the Earth,
Then with a Groan, charg'd with a Volley of Sighs,
He lifted up his fatal Eyes on me, which I
Could scarce behold with mine, they were so full
Of pitying Tears——
Then ran into such bitter, sad Complaints
Against our Sexes loath'd Inconstancy,
That I was forc'd to chide him——
Roch. Oh, no more!
It wakes my drowsie Conscience from its rest,
And stabs it with a Guilt.

Blunt. But then at last
From railings into blessings streight he fell,
And on his Knees beseech'd me that I'd plead,
And beg the Queen, but once to see her *Piercy*;
Which I, rack'd with Compassion, promis'd him.
Alas! I fear more than I can perform:
This said, I rise, and *Piercy* follow'd me;
Therefore I charge you by the Power of Friendship,
By *Piercy*'s Woes, and all the Love you owe
To me! go and prevail that he may see her:
He said that you had vow'd to bring't to pass.

Roch. I'll do it instantly; and if she will not,
I'll bear her Body in these Arms by force;
Her mind, I'm sure, is willing to be with him.

Blunt. She's coming streight this way; go quickly you,
(The miserable Wretch is yet without,)
And give him notice, now's the time to speak t'her,
Then streight return to hold her in discourse
Till *Piercy* comes.

Roch. So kind and pitiful!
May all thy cruel Sex be blest for thee. [*Ex.* Roch.

Blunt. So——this has prov'd a lucky Tale, and now
This rare Intelligence goes to my *Woolsey*,
Who'll send th' Alarm to the watchful King,
Streight to surprise him with his Wife, like *Jason*,
Just stealing of his Golden Fleece away——
She comes, she comes, this Player-Queen; but know,
This is the last proud Act of all thy show;
This is a bait, kind Stars, if you'l not frown,
With which I'll take Revenge, or catch a Crown:
And when sh' has got her Heav'n, and I my aim;
Who then dares tell me that I was to blame!
For who contemns a prosp'rous Wickedness,
Or thinks that ill, that's Sainted with Success. [*Ex.* Blunt.

Enter Queen *with a Letter.*

Queen. What shall I do! where teach my trembling Feet
Their way! was ever Virtue storm'd like mine!
Within, without, I am haunted all alike;
Without, tormented with a jealous King,
Within my Fears suggest a thousand Plagues,
Bid me remember injur'd *Piercy*'s Wrongs,
And brand me wtih the name of Cruel to him;
Then on a sudden a more dreadful thought
Upbraids me with a Guilt;
And tells me that kind Pity is a Sin.

Witneſs, and blame not me, y' Immortal Powers!
When you expoſe two diff'rent Paths, one good,
The other bad, and tell not which to take:
If to obey you is my Aim, juſt Heav'n!
'Tis not my fault if I ſhou'd chuſe the wrong.

Enter Rochford.

Roch. Siſter! moſt Royal, Merciful, Fair,
And beſt belov'd of Heav'n, and all Mankind,
Let your dear Brother make it his Requeſt,
Thus on his Knees, as Deities are Charm'd,
That you would hear th' unhappy *Piercy* ſpeak,
This once, and but this once——*Piercy*'s without;
Shall my beſt Friend take but his laſt Farewell?
Grant it, or never more let *Rochford* ſee you.

Queen. Oh Brother! plead no more, 'tis all in vain;
Do not betray thy Siſter to a Guilt,
And ſtain the Cryſtal Virtue of a Soul,
Which ſtill ſhe holds far dearer than a Crown;
Seek not by vile Enchantments to deſtroy
That Innocence, which yet is all my Force,
All the Defence poor *Bullen* has againſt
A jealous Husband, cruel Foes, and worſe,
Againſt the Malice of inveterate Hell.

Roch. What danger can there be? what guilt in you?
To hear the Wretched, and the Injur'd pray?
Come; for you will, you ſhall, you muſt now hear him.

Queen. No more! no more. There's yet a ſubtler Orator
Than you, or Pity, pleads for *Piercy* here,
Here in my firm couragious Soul, and ſtronger
Than Father, Mother, or ten thouſand Brothers,
Yet I can that deny.

Roch. What ſhall I tell him?

Queen. Tell him we are undone; I muſt not ſee him;
And what's far worſe, the King is jealous; tell him
I love him——Tell him what is falſe, I hate him;
Say any thing; but let me not behold him;
For oh! my Weakneſs he ſo fierce aſſaults,
'Twill ſpoil——'Twill wrack my Conduct——See, he comes.

Enter Piercy.

Moſt Cruel *Piercy*!——Cruel Brother rather——
Help——Take, and bear me ſwiftly from the danger.

Roch. Caſt but one Look, and you muſt needs relent.

Queen. What ſhall I do? which Paſſage ſhall I chuſe? [*Aſide.*

Arm me, kind Heav'n! againſt my Foe of Pity.
Pier. Still, ſtill ſhe turns, and hides her treach'rous Eyes—
Is't poſſible that ſhe can feel remorſe?
Or Pity after all? O no; ſhe loves too well
The fatal cauſe that purchas'd all this Pomp——
Stay, *Anna Bullen!* Stay; my Queen——perhaps
It is expected I ſhould call you Queen:
Behold your hatred——
Queen. Fly, good *Piercy*, fly:
There's Nets preparing for your life and mine——
There's nought but Snares and Quick-ſands where we tread,
Unfathom'd Pits hid under painted Grounds
Where vaſt Deſtruction watches to devour us:
Farewell——
Pier. Hear me but firſt, and ſhew thy Face,
Thy falſe, diſſembling Beauties——
Many when wrack'd, have been by Dolphins born,
And ſafely landed on the welcome Shore:
And in the Foreſts, nay, the Monſters Dens,
The Paſſenger, half ſtarv'd for want of Food,
Has by the Lyons oft been ſpar'd and fed:
But cruel *Bullen*, cruel Beauty kills
All whom it fetters, moſt on whom it ſmiles.
Nor can the Elements, nor gentler Brutes,
Teach Woman to be pitiful or good.
Queen. Now, now juſt Heav'n! y'are ſhowring all your Plagues
At once upon my Head, and I will bear 'em;
Bear 'em like one of you, and bleſs the Weight;
Hear my ſelf falſe upbraided, call'd moſt perjur'd,
Deceitful, and the Monſter of my Sex;
Ev'n I, (who, you Revengeful Powers above
Know) love this cruel chider to a fault!
Ah *Piercy*, *Piercy*——Fly; for life begone;
Each minute that you ſtay brings death to both.
Pier. Ah, hold! if not for Love, for Pity ſtay.
And if no juſt complaint can pierce your hearing,
Then Bleſſings ſhall: Ten thouſand Bleſſings on you,
If you will hear the curſt of Mankind ſpeak.
Roch. Now, Siſter, heard you that! by Heav'n it melts me.
Sure I'm turn'd all the Woman, you the Man.
Queen. Give me your hand, kind Brother, and ſupport me;
Help, for I ſtagger with the treble Weight
Of Grief, Deſpair, and Pity!
My Sences all are charm'd, and Feet faſt ty'd
To this inchanted Floor——Quick, or I'm loſt.
Pier. Yet turn; if there's one jot of pity in you;
If *Piercy* e'er was worth one Thought, I charge you,
By the lov'd name of *Anna Bullen*

What then, will nothing move? O inexorable!
No not a Look! not *Piercy* worth one Look!
Yet, *Rochford*, hold! Canſt thou too be ſo Cruel!
Still and obdurate both!
Is there no hope? but will you; will you then
Begone?

Queen. Fly, Brother, e're it be too late,
For ſhou'd I liſten but a Moment more,
The ſtrength of *Hercules* were not enough
To draw me hence, ſo unruly is my Body,
And my unwilling Soul ſo loth ſo part.

Pier. Then with my Knees, thus faſtning to the ground
Your Robe, and thus with my extended Arms [Piercy *kneels upon her*
I'le force and charm you, 'till y'have heard my laſt [*Robe.*
Complaint: And then forbear to pity if you can.

Queen. Why doſt thou hold?——Why do I hold my ſelf?

Pier. Ten thouſand Curſes light upon her Soul
In Hell; and worſe, what mine on Earth endures,
That firſt taught Woman Falſehood——
If for a Crown ſhe's falſe! Oh may that Crown
Sit loathſom on her Forehead as her Crimes,
May Adders neſt within th' Ambitious Round,
And into Stings the fatal Ermins turn.
When dead, may all the Miſeries ſhe feels
Be through the World recorded as a Mark
For faithful Lovers to beware, and ne're
Be nam'd without a Curſe.

Queen. Ah Cruel *Piercy*!

Pier. But for my Queen, let Heav'n and Angels guard her;
Her I except from any bitter Fate:
Let *Anna Bullen*'s Breaſt be ne're diſturb'd,
Nor Soul upbraided with the Wrongs of *Piercy*:
And oh, kind Heav'n! if there be any Sorrow
(As ſure none e're can be) ordain'd for her,
Falſe as ſhe is, I beg that it may fall
Only on wretched *Piercy*'s Head——May Hers
Be all the Pleaſure ſtill, and mine the Pain.

Queen. O Gods! obdurate Heav'ns! Cruel Honour! [*Aſide.*
And yet more Cruel Vertue, hear and ſee!

Pier. And when I ſhall for ever be recluſe,
As now I go to part with all Mankind,
'Twill be my Joy, ſometimes to think of you,
And make me live, perhaps one Day the longer,
When in my Melancholly Cell I hear
That the Crown flouriſhes on *Bullen*'s Head.

Queen. Ha! I'm or'ewhelm'd, the Sluces all are broke, [*Aſide.*
And Pity, like a Torrent, [illegible]

Now I am drowning, all within's a Deluge;
Wisdom nor Strength can stem the Tide no more,
And Nature in my Sex ne're felt the like——
Help *Rochford*, e're I'm rooted to this Earth.
Away, away! the least word more undoes me.
Pier. Yet turn one Look upon me, e're you go.
Queen. There take it, with my life, perhaps the purchase——
Take that too, *Piercy*, thou hast been betray'd. [*Gives him a*
Learn there th' unhappy *Bullen*'s Fate——Farewell. *Letter.*
Pier. Yet stay——the Soul ne're parted with such pangs,
From the pale Body, as you fly from me.
Queen. *Piercy* adieu——I can——I will——I must:
No more. [*Ex.* Qu. *and* Roch.
Pier. What, never see you more! She's gone,
She's gone, more lov'd and beautiful than ever:
And now methought, just as she parted from me,
She shot a Look quite through my gory Heart,
And left it Gasping, Dying, and Despairing.
What's here, a Letter! and the Character——
That I so oft have been acquainted with?
If these Eternal Kisses give me leave,
I'le break it open with as great a Joy,
As I had leap'd into our Marriage-Bed,
And rifled all the Sweets and Pleasures there——
Whats this I read!

Reads.

By Wicked Woolsey, Harry, *and our Parents*
I was betray'd, and forc'd to Wed the King:
Who intercepted all thy Letters, Swearing
With Sacramental Oaths, that thou wert false,
And Marry'd First——Piercy *adieu, and Credit me,*
And that I lov'd thee better than my Life.
Burn this rash Paper, lest the Fiends disclose it.
BULLEN.

She's Innocent! Oh! you Immortal Powers!
She's Innocent! And then she loves me still.
Sound, sound my Joy, till my Exalted Soul
Is wound up to th' extreamest pitch of Bliss:
Let *Piercy* never after this be sad——
Yet hold——What dawn of Comfort can'st thou spy
In this——Oh none——This Gloworm-Spark,
This Glimps of Hope is vanisht, and I'm left
In deeper Darkness, Horrour and Despair,
Than e're I was before——

Oh *Anna Bullen!* Curſt in being true!
And I more Curſt in knowing it too late.

Re-enter Queen *and* Rochford.

Ha! ſhe returns! The mourning Angel comes
Again! Sure Heav'ns in Love with both our Miſeries,
They look with ſuch a Pomp and Train in me;
And are ſo beautiful in her!
Queen. Well, Brother,
And thou far ſtronger and Immortal Pity,
And more Immortal Love, y'have brought me back———
Ye have. What! what will you do with me now?
Roch. Could any thing on Earth! Tyger, or Panther,
Much leſs a Creature form'd by Heav'n like it:
Could you, I ſay, refrain at ſuch an Object!
At the laſt words of the unhappy Wretch,
And not forbear to balm him o're in Tears,
Or elſe but hear him ſpeak;
Queen. Now I'm inclos'd again!
The Combat now grows fierce and ſtrong, and oh!
How weak an Armour Reſolution is,
Againſt our Paſſions, or the Man belov'd:
Virtue and Honour, hence be proud no more;
Nor brag of your Dominion o'er Mankind;
Leſt Love, moſt fatal Love, too ſoon ſhould tell you,
And make you feel, h'has mightier Chains than you———
See where he is——look Heav'n with tender eyes;
Give Council to my juſt deſpairing Soul,
And tell me, Pity is no Sin———Ah *Piercy!*
Pier. My charming Queen! my *Anna Bullen* once
Am I ſo bleſt, and yet ſo wretched too,
As what is written here contains; and tell me!
May I believe that you can love me ſtill?
Queen. Oh *Piercy! Piercy!* urge me not to tell you
What Heav'ns Auſterity will not permit,
Nor force me to declare——
What the Eternal Sees already written
In two broad Characters within my Breaſt;
How large, how deep thy Story's graven here,
And what I dare not, never muſt unfold———
Oh! I have ſaid too much.
Pier. What! ſaid too much!
Can you repent of one kind thought of *Piercy*?
And ſpitefully call back your tender Mercy!
Nay, worſe; can you behold the almoſt Naked,
And [illegible] beſeeching Wretch, and ſtrive to pull

And dash the Pitcher from the greedy Lips
Of one just ready to expire with Thirst?
Oh Cruel Queen! For *Anna Bullen* would not,
She would not, would not use her *Piercy* thus.
Queen. Cease, cease such sounds———
And turn thy sad, resistless Eyes away;
For if I once behold those Tears, and hear
Thy just Complaints, I can no longer hold,
But break I must through all the bonds of Virtue.
Nay, stood the Jealous *Harry* by
With all his Guards of Devils, *Woolsey*'s, *Cardinals*;
In spight of all, in spight of more my self
I must both see, hear thee, and speak to thee,
And pity thee. Now are you satisfied?
Pier. It is enough, bright Daughter of the Sky:
Y'have conquer'd me, my Deity, you have
Here on my Knees, but yet at distance too,
The Posture of a Soul in Extacy,
I beg a thousand Pardons of my Queen.
A Look, a Sigh, a Tear, from *Anna Bullen*,
Is far more worth than all the trifling Wrongs;
Nay, than the Life and very Soul of *Piercy*.
Queen. Help me just Heav'n, who sees how I'm besieged,
And what a weak Resistless Wretch I am!
Why d'ye impose on us so hard a Task
On poor Mankind, so feeble and so frail,
Making us here Commissioners of Virtue,
Yet put by Drams and Scruples in the Ballance,
To Counter-poise and weigh down Flesh and Blood.
How weaks my Will to draw my Body hence;
And oh! how loath my Eyes are to depart,
But wish for ever to be fasten'd on thee,
And look one Look to vast Eternity;
Yet we must part, Ah, *Piercy*! part for ever———
Pier. Ah say not so! must we so soon, my Queen!
Is then this Moments Bliss so Criminal,
That it must forfeit all my precious Hopes
Of an Assurance once to meet again!
Queen. My mind now bodes to me, that 'tis our last:
Yet I must bid thee go: There is no Joy for us;
The World's a Deluge all to thee and me———
There is no rest, my *Piercy*, in this World,
No Sanctuary to lay the weary Head
Of the undone, th' unpitty'd, and betray'd.
Farewell: There's somewhat rises o're my Soul,
And covers it as with a fatal Cloud
Of Horror, Death, and Fear. It cannot be:

The Sting of parting cannot do all this;
Farewell, farewell.
Pier. Stay; muſt we part for ever?
What never! never meet again!
Queen. Never till we are Clay, and then perhaps,
Neglected as we were in Life, thrown out in Death,
Some charitable Man may be ſo kind,
To give our poor forſaken Bodies Burial,
Laying 'em both together in one Bed
Of Earth——
Hah! the time's come! my Fatal Doom's at hand!
Three drops of Blood falls from her Noſe, and ſtains her Handkerchief.
Behold, the Heav'ns in Characters of Blood,
In three inevitable Drops,
Have ſeal'd it, and decreed that it is now!
Ah *Piercy!* fly, and leave me here alone
To ſtem this mighty Torrent of my Fate,
Be gone, while I have life to bid thee go:
For now Death ſtops my Tongue—— [*She Swoons.*
Pier. My Lord——
She faints——my Life! my *Anna Bullen* ſtay;
Or your Commands ſhall fetter me no more.
But break I will through all the Bars of diſtance,
And catch thee thus, thus hold thee in my Arms——
Rochford! O help to call her back again.
Hold, ſtop thy flight; thou precious Air return!
Far richer than that rare immaculate Breath,
Which Natures God breath'd in the firſt of Mankind!
Roch. Wake Siſter, wake! behold no danger's nigh!
Quern. Ah *Piercy!* now I wake, with Courage now
To meet my Fate; and ſee where it approaches.

Enter Cardinal, Northumberland, *and Guards.*

Pier. Ha! *Woolſey*, and my Father with the Guards!
Card. My Lord, e'er we diſcover our Commiſſion,
Pray, let your Son be parted from the Queen,
Leſt the wrong'd King ſhould ſee him in his rage,
And execute his worſt of Fury on him.
North. Son! tho' you have committed, in the Court,
The greateſt Crime, againſt your Royal Maſter,
That e'er a Subject can be guilty of;
Yet in reſpect of theſe gray Hairs and Tears,
He has been pleas'd to ſpare your forfeit Life:
Therefore be gone: a minutes ſtay is fatal——

And carry him ſtreight, by Barge, to *Suffolk*-Houſe
Without reply.
Pier. Obediently I'll go,
If you will promiſe me that you have nought
Againſt the ſacred Perſon of the Queen,
And will not touch her: for 'tis greater Sacriledge,
Then 'tis to hurt an Angel, cou'd it be,
She is ſo Innocent, ſo Chaſt, and Pure.
Elſe I'm reſolv'd to ſtand, no Rock ſo firm!
Fixt like the Center to the Maſſie Globe,
You ſhould as ſoon remove ſtrong *Hercules*,
With his hands graſping both the Poles of Heaven,
As force me from this Footing, where I ſtand,
And ſee the Queen but threatned, or in danger.
Card. My Lord, on both our Honours, the Queen's Perſon
Shall be inviolate and ſacred always;
Nor know we ought againſt her—but the King
Is coming ſtreight to viſit her, as kindly
As he was wont: Therefore you muſt be gone———
We have no other reaſon but your ſafety.
Pier. I fear! for ah! what truth can come from thee?
Thou ſpeak'ſt but at the ſecond hand from Hell———
Kind Sir, may I believe what *Woolſey* ſays?
Card. Confirm it, good my Lord, or you'l delay.
North. 'Tis true, what the great Cardinal has told you.
Queen. Go, *Piercy*; and miſtruſt not more than I;
Be gone, if I have Power left to command;
Leave me to Innocence, and Heav'n that will not
Permit a Soul that never did any ill,
To fear it.
Pier. Then I'll go———but oh juſt Heav'n!
And all you Angels, Cherubims, and Thrones:
All you bright Guards to the moſt High Imperial,
You kindeſt, gentleſt, mildeſt Planets,
You leſſer Stars, you fair innumerable,
And all you bright Inhabitants above,
Protect the Sacred Perſon of the Queen;
And ſhed your baleſull'ſt Venom on their heads,
That think to ſtain a Whiteneſs like your ſelves.
Farewell——— [*Ex.* Pier.
Queen. Farewell!
Card. John Viſcount *Rochford*, by the King's Command,
W' arreſt you here, of Capital, High Treaſon.
Queen. Hear Heav'n! my Brother faln into the Snare!
Card. And 'tis his pleaſure that you ſtreight be ſent
Cloſe Priſoner to the Tower, with the Lord *Norris*.

Of the ſame hainous crime. Guards! ſieze his Perſon.
Roch. Baſe Villain! Traitor! *Woolſey!* ſay, for what?
Queen. No matter. Let a Woman teach thee Courage:
Ne'er ask for what, ſince 'tis his wiſe Decree
Above, who gave us with a liberal hand,
And ſate us on the higheſt ſpoke of Greatneſs,
No longer than he pleas'd to call us down——
Well, whoſe turn's next? Come, dart your worſt, my Lords,
And meet a temper'd breaſt, that knows to bear.
By my bright hopes, y'are more afraid than I;
I did expect you would begin with me!
Card. Moſt Royal Madam, oh! I wiſh the King
Had choſen ſome leſs unwilling than our ſelves,
To Execute this moſt deteſted Office.
In Witneſs of it, on our Knees with Tears, [*Kneels.*
And Sorrow, we our ſad Commiſſion tell:
It is the Kings moſt fatal Pleaſure too,
That you be ſent a Priſoner to the Tower,
And thence immediately to both your Tryals. [*Riſes.*
Roch. Tryal! oh her wrong'd Innocence! for what?
Queen. No more, dear Brother; let us both ſubmit,
And give Heav'n Thanks, and our moſt Gracious King
For I'm not ſo preſumptuous of my Virtue;
But think, Dear *Rochford*, that both you and I
Have once committed, in our erring Lives,
Something, for which we juſtly merit Death.
Though not, perhaps, the thing we are accuſed of.

Enter the King *in a Fury, with Letters in his hand. Attendants and Guards.*

Card. The King is here!
Queen. Then he is Merciful.
King. Where is this Woman! this moſt abhorr'd of Wives!
This ſcandal to her Sex, my Crown and Life!
What by your Minion? oh good natur'd Husband!
Down on your Knees, and thank me for the favour——
See——here are Letters ſaln into my hands,
Where your dear Brother ſays he has enjoy'd you.
[*Gives the Letters to the* Queen.
Oh thou more damn'd, and more inſatiate far,
Than *Meſſalina*. She was chaſt, to thee.
Her, half the Men and Slaves of *Rome*,
Could ſatisfie; but thou, not all Mankind,
With Husband, Brother, Kindred in the Number. [*She gives*
Queen. Oh Heav'nly Pow'rs! oh Guard of Innocence! [*'em Roch.*
What do I ſee and hear! O Sacred Sir!

You took me to your Royal Bed, a Hand-maid,
The moſt unworthy of the mighty Favour;
Oh throw me into Dungeons ſtreight, or take
Away my Life, that ne'er offended you:
Take all in recompence from *Anna Bullen!*
'Tis yours; but do not rob me of my Fame,
Nor ſtain my Virtue with ſo foul a Guilt.

Roch. What's here? my amorous Letters ſent to *Blunt*!
Has ſhe betray'd me!

King. I will hear no more—— [*To the* Queen.

Roch. Ah, Royal Sir, theſe Letters I confeſs——

King, Damn thy hot luſtful breath; thy Poyſonous tongue!
Here, take 'em hence, to Tortures, Racks, to Death.

Queen. O Sir! I am prepar'd for any Death;
For worſe than Death, a thouſand, thouſand Torments;
And if you think 'em all not pain enough,
Here take advice of *Woolſey*; he'll inſtruct you;
Tell you, how you may plague this hated body;
But do not think that I'm ſo loath'd a Creature.

King. Quick; take away thy hands, or I will force thee——

Queen. You ſhall not, cannot, till I've ſworn the truth:
For by th' unſpotted Babe within the Womb,
That yet lies wrapt in Innocence, unborn;
By injur'd Truth, by Souls of Martyr'd Saints,
By you, my Lord, my Husband, and my King!
And by the King of Kings, the King of Heav'n,
I'm wrong'd! Ah Royal, Gracious Sir, I'm wrong'd.

King. Unhand me; or I'll ſpurn thee from thy hold——
Seize, ſeize on *Piercy*——by my Life, who begs [*To the Guards.*
In his behalf's a Traitor, worſe than he—— [*To* North. *who kneels.*
Here is another Letter too, it is from *Norris*,
Who much commends your darling, ſecret Beauties,
And ſweetneſs of your Lips; Yet you are wrong'd!——
Here's Notes of your Muſician too, that charm'd you.
Eternal Hell! where's ſuch another Monſter?
I have more Horns than any Forreſt yields.
Than *Finsbury*, or all the City Muſters
Upon a Training, or a Lord Mayors day.
Riſe! and be gone, thou Fiend, thou Sorcereſs;
Thy Power, thy Charms, like Witchcraft, all have left thee,
Go you inceſtuous Twins, make haſte and mingle
Your foul, adulterate Blood in Death together——
Oh, they're too long aſunder. Why, doſt weep!
Go to thy Death, and what's a greater pain,
May Heav'n, like me, ſee all thoſe Tears in vain

[*Ex.* King, *Attendants.*

Roch. Ah Siſter! what dire Fiends muſt puniſh *Rochford*

What will become of me, the Cauſe of all?
Queen. Fear not. Heav'n knows thy Innocence, and mine!
What tho' we ſuffer here a little ſhame!
'Tis to reward our Souls above, and with
Immortal Reſtitution Crown 'em there——
We two liv'd in one Mother's ſpotleſs Womb;
And then we ſcarce had purer Thoughts than now!
And ſhortly we ſhall meet together in
One Grave.
Roch. O ſay not ſo: Death dare not be ſo Cruel.
Queen. Ceaſe Brother, ceaſe; ſay not a word in anſwer;
But lead me, like a Valiant Man, to Chains.
Come, let's prepare——But firſt my Pomp adieu!
[*Kneels, and lays down her Crown.*
From Heav'n I did my Crown and Life receive,
And back to Heav'n both Crown and Life I'le give;
And thus, in humble poſture, lay it down
With greater Joy than firſt I put it on. [*Riſes.*
And now I tread more light, and ſee from far
A Beamy Crown, each Diamond a Star.
But oh, you Royal Martyrs! Ceaſe a while
Your Crying Blood, that elſe muſt curſe this Iſle;
Of the *Imperial* ask it with my Pray'r;
For you are ſtill the neareſt Angels there;
Then *Richard*, *Edwards*, *Henry*, all make room,
The firſt of ſlaughter'd *Engliſh* Queens I come:
Let me amongſt your glorious, happy Train,
Free from this hated World, and Traitors Reign. [*Ex. Anbo.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Cardinal *and* Blunt *ſeverally.*

Card. LUckieſt of Omens! do I meet my *Juno*!
My Fair, Illuſtrious Partner in Revenge!
Come, tell the News that your glad Eyes proclaim:
Speak, by thy Looks, I know it muſt be well.
Is ſhe Condemn'd? Shall *Rome* be Abſolute?
Shall *Woolſey* Reign, and ſhall my *Blunt* be Queen?
Blunt. 'Tis as thou ſay'ſt, moſt mighty of thy Function;
Greateſt that e're adorn'd this Robe, it is.
Theſe Eyes ſaw the bright *Engliſh* Sun Eclips'd,
And what is more, Eclips'd by Thee and Me,
Caſt by her aweful Judges from her Height,
Guilty and ſham'd, as *Lucifer* from Heav'n,
And forc'd to beg it, as the mildeſt Sentence,

Card. Then there's an end of *Bullen.*

Blunt. And what to see, gave me the greater Joy;
Those Letters counterfeited by the Fool
Her Brother, were the strongest Proofs against her;
So the same Papers which by your Advice
I got convey'd into her Cabinet,
Were the substantiall'st Circumstances found
For which she dies.

Card. O Just and Sacred Rage,
Revenge! Thou greatest Deity on Earth!
And Woman's Wit the greatest of thy Council.

Blunt. We ought to veil before your Priestly Robe;
My Crown of Wit shall ne're stand Candidate
With yours; and yet I dare be bold to say,
This I, and Malice would have done alone,
Without the mighty Aid of *Woolsey*'s Brain.

Card. Then nothings to be done by Fate, nor *Woolsey*,
But take the vanquisht Crown from *Bullen*'s Head,
And place it suddenly on yours.

Blunt. For which,
My gracious *Woolsey*, I will so reward you.

Enter to them Piercy.

Pier. Blackness Eternal cover all the World!
Infernal Darkness, such as *Ægypt* felt,
When the Great Patriarch curs'd the fatted Land,
And with a Word extinguisht all the light.

Blunt. See, *Piercy*'s here! More mad than we are joyful:
Does't not make young the Blood about thy Heart,
T' see that our Revenge not singly hits,
But, like a Chain-shot carries all before it?

Card. Let us avoid him——You intend to see
The Queen receive her Death: But I, to hide
The Pleasure that perhaps the sight would give me,
Will pass this Day at *Esher*, like a Mourner.

Pier. Behold, the Sun shines still; instead of Darkness,
Yon Azure Blue's unspeckled with a Cloud;
The Face of Heav'n smiles on her as a Bride,
The Day, the Sun sits mounted on his Chariot,
And darts his spiteful Beams in scorn of Pity;
'Bates not a jot of the Illustrious Pomp,
He should have furnish'd on her Wedding-Day:
Heav'n looks like Heav'n still, Nature as 'twas,
Men, Beasts, and Devils; every thing that lives,
Conspires, as pleas'd at *Anna Bullen*'s Fall.
Behold, just Powers! the Curses of the Land!
Stay you Amphibious Monsters, Priest, and Devil! [*To the* Card. *and* Blunt.
And Strumpet, if it can be, worse than both!

You far more dreadful Pair than thoſe that firſt
Betray'd poor eaſie Man, and all Mankind:
Thou fatal Woman Thou! and Serpent Thou!
By whoſe ſole Malice (oh that Heav'n ſhould let it!)
A greater Innocence this Day is fallen,
Than ever bleſt the Walks of Paradiſe.
Card. My Lord, I ſhall acquaint the King with this,
And thoſe juſt Lords the Judges of her Cauſe,
Whom your baſe Malice wrongs——But I'm above it——
Farewell. [*Ex.* Card. *and* Blunt.
Pier. Bold Traytors! Hell-hounds! hear me firſt;
Stay you infectious Dragons; do you flye!
Does *Anna Bullen*'s Chaſtity and Virtue.
Writ in this Angry Fore-head, make you ſtart—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Diana *to him.*

What, the fair, wrong'd *Diana*'s Face in Tears!
Can *Anna Bullen*'s Miſeries Attract
The nobleſt of Compaſſion, Pity from
A Rivals Breaſt! thou Wonder of my Sex!
How far more Wretched mak'ſt thou *Piercy* ſtill,
When I behold how much thou doſt deſerve,
And I, ſo very little have to pay!
Dian. What Rocky-heart could have refrain'd from Pity,
To ſee the Sight that I did! any thing,
But Man, moſt Cruel Mankind, would have griev'd;
Tygers and Panthers would have wept to ſee her;
And her baſe Judges, had they not been Men,
Would have bemoan'd her like departing Babes.
Pier. Is *Rochford* too Condemn'd?
Dian. Alas! he is.
Rochford and *Norris* both, receiv'd their Sentence,
And both behav'd themſelves like Gallant Men——
But for the Queen! Ah *Piercy*, ſuch bright Courage,
No thought can Dictate, nor no Tongue Relate,
When ſhe was tax'd with that unnatural Crime,
Adultery with her Brother; ('Tis a Sin
That e're it ſhould be nam'd.) At firſt ſhe ſtarted,
And ſoon an Innocent, not Guilty, Red
Adorn'd her Face, and Sainted it with Tears;
But ſtreight conceiving it a Fault, ſhe Smil'd,
Wip'd off the Drops, and chid the Bluſh away.
Pier. When I am Dead, may my ſad Tale be bleſt,
And have no other Tongue, but thine, to tell it.
Dian. Then with the meekneſs of a Saint ſhe ſtood;
With ſuch amazing Oratory dazled,
And like the Sun, darted quite through her Judges,
And ſham'd their Guilt, that none durſt look upon her:

But oh! what's destin'd in the blackest Pit
Of Hell; what Innocence can n'ere withstand.
What e're she said, that Angels cou'd not finer,
And shew'd a Soul, no Crystal nigh so clear;
Tho' all appear'd to be the Plot of Devils;
Yet was she guilty found, and, oh, sad *Piercy*!
(May all Eyes weep at it, like thine and mine)
Condemn'd to lose her Head.

Pier. Hell dare not think it.

Dian. The Cruel Duke of *Norfolk*, her Relation,
As Steward for the Day, pronounc'd the Sentence.

Pier. And my hard hearted Father too was there.

Dian. My Lord! What said you? Your hard hearted Father?
Oh blotted let it be from all Records,
And never be in *England*'s Annals read,
What I'm about to tell you. Her own Father,
The Earl of *Wiltshire*, sate amongst her Judges.

Pier. O Monster damn'd! than Cruel *Titan* worse,
That eat up his own Issue as he got 'em.

Dian. Behold, the King! All Knees, are bent, all Hands,
All good Mens Eyes lift up to Heav'n and him,
To beg the Life of Her that glads the World.

Pier. Make use of all thy VVomans art to win him;
Let all Petition him that share her Blood,
Matrons, VVives, Virgins, all the Charming Sex.

Dian. Do you withdraw. You but incense the King——
Iv'e yet a soft Experiment to try,
Shall pierce his stubborn Nature to the Quick.

Pier. That Angel, th'art inspir'd with prosper thee. [*Exit.*

Enter King *and Attendants.*

King. Piercy! did I not charge he should be seiz'd?

[*To the Guards who go out to seize* Piercy

Now by the Sacred Crown of *England*'s Monarchs,
Let none entreat me upon pain of Death? [*To Petitioners.*
VVhat's here? A List of base Petitioners,
For *Norris* Life! Hell and Confusion seize 'em
Have I not like a Rock against the Seas,
And Mountain 'gainst the VVinds stood thus unshaken,
Deny'd all *England*'s Prayers, and Tears of Angels?
Nay more, this heart, that pleads with mortal pangs
For my dear *Anna Bullen*'s life? And shall I
Pardon a Slave before I would my Queen?

Enter Northumberland, *who kneels.*

King. VVhy dost kneel?

North. I met my Son this most unlucky moment,
Just as the Guards were ready to obey,
And Execute your fatal orders on him,

Who in deſpair, or rather in obedince,
Making a faint reſemblance to reſiſt;
As they were ſtriving to put by his Sword,
He on a ſudden open'd wide his Arms,
And on his Breaſt receiv'd a wilful wound.
I kneel with humble Prayers, that his diſaſter
Would mitigate your preſent and juſt Fury:
And grant my Son his freedom, till his hurt
Is cur'd, which is not mortal.

King. Be it ſo.

Enter Diana, *leading the Young Princeſs* Elizabeth, *with Women.*

Dian. Pardon this bold Intruſion in your Preſence.
Your Daughter, Sir, this little Princeſs here,
Poſſeſt with Womans Rage, and far above
The little ſparkling Reaſon of a Child,
Scream'd for her Father; where's my Father, ſaid ſhe;
Aud as we brought her to you, ſtill ſhe cry'd,
Unleſs ſhe ſaw her Father, ſhe wou'd die.

King. What wouldſt thou have, my little *Betty*, ſay?

Child. But will you promiſe me that you'l not frown,
And cry aloud, Hough? and then indeed I'll tell you,

King. I do. Come, let me take thee in my Arms———

Child. No: but I'll kneel: for I muſt be a Beggar,
And I have learnt, that all who beg of you,
Muſt do it kneeling.

North. Prettieſt Innocence!

King. Well then, what is't my little Pratler, ſay?

Child. I'm told that ſtreight my Mother is to die;
Yet I have heard you ſay, you lov'd her dearly:
And will you let her die, and me die too?

King. She muſt die, Child; there is no harm in Death;
Beſides the Law has ſaid it, and ſhe muſt.

Child. Muſt! is the Law a greater King than you?

King. O yes. But do not cry, my pretty *Betty*:
For ſhe'l be happier when ſhe's dead, and go
To Heaven.

Child. Nay, I'm ſure ſhe'll go to Heaven.

King. How art thou ſure?

Child. Some body told me ſo
Laſt night when I was in my ſleep.

King. Who was it?

Child. A fine old man like my Godfather *Cranmer.*

Card. Ay, there's the Egg that hatcht this Cocaktrice.

Child. Pray Father, what's that huge, tall, Bloody man?
ne'er ſaw him but once in all my life,
d then he trighted me. He looks for all
e World, juſt like the Picture of the Pope.

View

King. Why, don't you love the Pope?
Child. No indeed don't I,
Nor never will.
King. Ay, but you muſt, my Dear;
He is a fine old Man too, if you ſaw him.
Card. Go, y'are a little Heretick.
Child. A Heretick!
Pray Father, what does that bold Fellow call me?
What's that?
King. Why, that's one that forſakes the right,
And turns to a new, wrong Religion.
Child. Then I'm no Heretick: For I ne'er turn'd
In all my life. But you forget your Child.
Dear Father, will you ſave my Mother's life?
King. You muſt not call me Father: For they ſay,
Y'are not my Daughter.
Child. Who's am I then?
Who told you ſo? that ugly old, bald Prieſt?
He tells untruth. I'm ſure you are my Father?
King. How art?
Child. Cauſe I love none ſo well as you———
But oh you'l never hear me what I have to ſay,
As long as he, that Devil there, ſtands by
Your Elbow.
King. Ha! what Devil?
Child. That Red Thing there.
King. Oh Child; he is no Devil, he's a Cardinal.
Child. Why does he wear that huge, long Coat then?
Unleſs it be to hide his Cloven feet.
Card. Sir, all's deſign'd by *Cranmer* for the Queen,
Of whom ſh'has learn'd this Leſſon like a Parrot.
King. Take her away, I were a Fool indeed,
If Womens Tears, and Childrens idle Prattle,
Should change my fixt Reſolves, and cheat my Juſtice———
Away with her.
Child. Oh, but they dare not:
Father, will you not let your *Betty* kiſs you?
Why do you let 'em pull me from you ſo?
I ne'er did anger you:
Pray ſave my Mother, dear King-Father do;
And if you hate her, we will promiſe both,
That ſhe and I will go a great huge way,
And never ſee you more.
King. Unlooſe her; hough!
Hence with her ſtraight: I will not hear her prate
Another word. Go, y'are a naughty Girl.
Child. Well, I'm reſolv'd when I am grown a Woman,

I'll be reveng'd, and cry, Hough too.

[*Ex.* Diana, Princeſs, *Women.*

King. Ha! Spirit!
Mount all the Draw-Bridges, and guard the Gates,
Then bring the Priſoners forth to Execution:
Norris, and *Rochford* firſt, and then the Queen:
My Lord *Northumberland*, be it your Task;
Diſpatch my Orders ſtraight, and fetch the Traytors——
What's this that gives my Soul a ſudden Twitch?
And bids me not proceed. Ha! is't Compaſſion!
Shall Pity ever fond the Breaſt of *Harry*!
'Tis but a ſlip of Nature, and I'll on.
Think on thy Wrongs; the Wrongs her Luſt has done thee,
And ſweep away this loath'd inceſtuous Brood,
As Heav'n would drive a Plague from off the Land:
Think thou ſhalt have thy *Seymer* in thy Arms,
Who ſhall reſtore thy loſs with double Charms:
And though my *Bullen* ſets this night, and dies,
Seymor, next Morn, like a new Sun ſhall riſe. [*Ex.* King, *Attendants.*

North. With an unwilling heart, I take this Office.
And Heav'n, if *Anna Bullen*'s Innocent,
Forgive me, ſince it is my King's Command.
My Breaſt is ſad, and tender for her, all;
Tho' *Piercy* ne'er can riſe, but by her Fall——

Enter to him Rochford, Lieutenant, *and Guards.*

Roch. Wil't not be granted, that I here may ſee
My Siſter e'er I dye, to part with her?

Lieut. There is my Lord *Northumberland*, he'll tell you.

Roch. My Lord y'are come to ſee a wretched Pair
Of *Ormonds* Iſſue leave this fatal World.
Shall we not meet, and take our laſt Farewell:

Nor. *Norris*, my Lord, is now upon the Scaffold,
Then your turn follows; but before that time,
I gueſs the Queen will be prepar'd, and come,

Roch. Forgive me, Heav'n, my Paſſion, and my Crime,
For Natures choice of a wrong, fatal Object,
Loving too well, what in effect was ill.
O all you ſtrict Idolaters of Beauty!
You fond, ſevere Adorers of that Sex,
Who think that all their Vices cannot Center
In one vile Womans Breaſt; ſee, and repent:
Behold 'em all together
In the Infernal *Blunt*, in her they're fix'd.
Thus have they all been curſt, and thus they all
Have been betray'd, that lov'd ſo well as I.

Enter

Enter Queen *going to Execution all in white*: Diana, *Women in Mourning*; *Guards*.

Queen. Come, where are thoſe muſt lead me to my Fate?
To a more Glorious Happy Marriage-Bed,
And my Eternal Coronation-day———
What, *Piercy*'s Father! muſt he do the Office?
Still I can bear it all, and bear it bravely.

Nor. Madam! it is the Kings ſevere Command,
That I attend your Majeſty to th' Scaffold.

Queen. Enough, my Lord, you might have ſpar'd that Title:
Alas! I wiſh it ever had been ſpar'd———
I ſhould have been, if Malice had not reign'd,
Your *Piercy*'s Wife, the Scope of my Ambition:
I ne'er had then been mounted to a Throne;
Then this unhappy hour had never been.

Roch. Mind this you Rocky World, and mourn in Chaos.
Such words as theſe the Heav'ns muſt weep to hear,
And make yon Marble Roof diſſolve in Tears.

Queen. What! do you weep to ſee your Miſtreſs glory!
That ſhe ſhall ſtreight wipe off the ſtain on Earth
She bears, with an unſpotted Fame in Heav'n?
I charge you, by my hopes, and by your hopes,
When you are going where I ſoon ſhall go;
By the Illuſtrious Pomp I long to meet,
The Sacred, Juſt Rewards of injur'd Truth;
Acquaint this Noble Lord, and all here preſent,
If e'er you ſaw in all my Nights or Days,
Or in my looſer hours of Mirth or Humour,
The ſmalleſt ſign of that moſt horrid Guilt
That I'm condemn'd for?———Why, are you all dumb?
If you are loth to tell it whilſt I live,
Proclaim it when I'm dead, to all the World,
That Heav'n may bar the Gates of Bliſs againſt me,
And throw me to the blackeſt of Hells Dungeons,
Where all Diſſemblers at their Death ſhall howl.

Wom. Alas! moſt Gracious Miſtreſs, none can wiſh
Themſelves more Innocent for Death than you.

Queen. What doſt thou weep, unhappy Brother too!
Oh ſhew me not ſuſpected, nor thy ſelf
So Guilty, by ſuch ſoftneſs———learn of me!
This Breaſt that's putrify'd by conſtant Woes!
By all my Wrongs, m' Injuſtice, and my Cauſe,
Who ſees me weep, they ſhall be tears of Joy.
Who grieves to leave the World, ſhall never come
Where I am going, where all ſorrow's baniſh'd.

Roch. Tho' I am innocent, my Fate is not;
'Tis that has been unjuſt to thee and me.

Queen. Tho' 'tis a Common, 'tis a fatal ſign,
We weep when we are born: but it was
More ominous, and much more fatal prov'd,
From theſe prophetick Eyes there guſht a ſhower,
When *Harry* gave his Faithleſs hand to me;
And on my Coronation day the like,
My bodeing Heart another Tribute rack'd,
Methought there ſate a Mountain on my Head,
The Curſes of wrong'd *Katherine* weigh'd me down;
And made my Crown indeed a Maſſey Crown.
Roch. Deny me not a little tender Grief,
For every drop of Blood that's to be ſhed,
Of that ineſtimable Maſs of thine,
My Soul muſt rack a thouſand years in Hell.
Queen. Forbear ſuch words——You have not injur'd me:
I might as well tax Providence, as you:
For Heav'n, that heard the Perjury of Villains,
Might, if it pleas'd, have chok'd 'em with its Thunder,
Or ſent 'em with a Lightning blaſt to Hell!
But he has bent their Rage another way, [*One Whiſpers* North.
And on their Malice we ſhall ſafely mount,
As on a Cherubin to Heav'n.
North. My Lord,
You muſt prepare; a Meſſenger is come,
Who brings the News that *Norris* is beheaded.
Queen. Alas! unhappy *Norris*! art thou dead?
Yet why do I ſo much wrong to pity thee?
Thou'rt hapdier by ſome moments now than I.
Roch. Come! lead me to my reſt, my reſt from wrongs.
Now, *Anna Bullen*, teach me all thy Courage;
Thy Innocence, that makes the Heav'ns amaz'd:
And the more guilty Angels bluſh to ſee.
Help me to paſs this *Rubicon* of Parting,
This mid-way Gulph that hangs 'twixt Earth and Sky!
Then that bleſt Region, all beyond is mine,
And *Cæſar* was not half ſo great as I.
Queen. Go! be a lucky Harbinger for me;
Tell all the Saints, and Cherubins, and Martyrs,
Tell all the Wrong'd, that now are righted there,
Till it ſhall reach the high, *Imperial* Ear,
That *Anna Bullen* is a coming ſtreight.
Roch. Wilt not embrace thy dying Brother firſt?
One Father and one Mother gave us Birth;
And one Chaſt, Innocent Natures Bed inclos'd us——
Theſe are our Parents Arms, and ſo are thine.
Then all you Saints above, and Men below,
Bear Witneſs, and I vow it on my Death

It is the greateſt, firſt, and only favour
I e're receiv'd from *Anna Bullen*'s Perſon.

Queen. In ſpite of Scandal, Malice, and the World;
Nay, were the King and our vile Judges by,
Since Heav'n is ſatisfi'd it is no Sin;
I will embrace thee, think I've in my Arms,
Both Father, Mother, Siſter, Brother, all;
And Envy cannot blame me now for this.

Roch. Thus, let thy Soul into my Boſom fly;
That I may feel the ſtroke of Death for thee;
And when the fatal Ax hangs o're thy Head,
O may it lull Thee, and not ſtrike thee dead;
Softer than Infants Dreams, or with leſs pain,
Than 'tis to ſleep, or to be born again——— [*Ex.* Roch. *to Execution.*

Queen. So, this is paſt and vanquiſht! but behold
A greater yet———Now! begin to dread———

Enter Diana, *with the young Princeſs, and Women.*

Ah kind *Diana*, wonderful and good!
The pity that thou ſhew'ſt thy dying Friend,
This little one, I hope, will live to pay.

Dian. Ah Royal Miſtreſs! *England*'s falling Star!
Beſt Pattern that e're Earth receiv'd from Heav'n———
I need not fear theſe Eyes ſhould ſee you dye.
For e're that time, juſt Grief ſhall ſtrike me dead;
Or Torrents of theſe Tears will make me blind.

Queen. Come, lift her to my Arms, and let me Kiſs her,
For 'tis the laſt kind Office you will do me.
Now let me preſs thy little Coral-Lips
With my dead pale ones now! and oh let me
Infuſe ſome of thy Mothers lateſt Breath,
In Bleſſings on thy tender, blooming Soul———
What's this that tempts me with a Mothers Fondneſs!
To break my Reſolution, and upbraids me,
That I muſt leave thee to a Fathers Rage,
And yet more Cruel Enemies to both?
Leave thee a Lamb, 'mongſt Wolves; for all who've been
Thy Mothers Foes will certainly be thine.

Dian. Tygers, nor Devils! or what's more inhumane;
Envy of Mankind cannot be ſo Curſt.

Queen. See, ſee *Diana*! by my Wrongs it weeps,
Weeps like a thing of Senſe, and not a Child;
Like one well underſtood in Grief; the Tears
Drop ſenſibly in order down its Cheeks;
And drowns its pretty Speech in thoughtful Sorrow.
Nothing could ſhoot Infection through my Breaſt,
But this; and this has done it———
Why weeps my Child? Ah, what a Queſtion? that!

Dian. Behold! how't ſtrives; and betwixt Tears and Throbs,
If it could form a Language, it would ſpeak.
Queen. Strive not for Words, my Child; theſe little drops
Are far more Eloquent than Speech can be——
Be pitiful, my Lord; and thou, my kind
Diana, ever faithful to thy Queen;
When I am dead, as ſhortly I ſhall be,
Take this poor Babe, and carry't to the King;
Its Lips juſt pregnant with its Mother's Fondneſs,
Perhaps he'll take her then into his Arms;
And tho' the favour were to me deny'd;
Steal there a Kiſs of mine.
Say, 'tis the laſt Requeſt of *Anna Bullen*——
North. Remove the little Princeſs
To her Apartment, where we ſtreight will come,
And wait on her, as is the Queen's Command.
Queen. Yet let me hold her but a moment longer,
And with this Kiſs, that now muſt be my laſt,
Unlock a Secret, which Heav'n dictates to me.
If e're there is a Light that does tranſcend
Dark humane Knowledge in the Breaſt of Man,
Fate to foreſee, there is a Light at Death,
And that now bids me ſpeak. Thou, little Child,
Shalt live to ſee thy Mother's Wrongs o're-paid
In many Bleſſings on thy Womans State.
From this dark Calumny, in which I ſet,
As in a Cloud; thou, like a Star, ſhalt riſe,
And awe the Southern World: That holy Tyrant,
Who binds all *Europe* with the Yoak of Conſcience,
Holding his Feet upon the Necks of Kings;
Thou ſhalt deſtroy, and quite unlooſe his Bonds,
And lay the Monſter trembling at thy Feet.
When this ſhall come to paſs, the VVorld ſhall ſee
Thy Mothers Innocence reviv'd in thee,
[*Ex. Women with the Princeſs* Eliz.
North. Madam! with greater pain to me than Racks,
I'm forc'd to let you know your Brother's dead:
And that, alas! you muſt prepare.
Queen. My Lord!
I thank you, you miſtake your noble Office;
It is the Voice of Angels to wrong'd Martyrs;
The ſound of Cherubs trumpetting from Heav'n——
I've heard it ſaid, amongſt our many Ends,
Beheading is the mildeſt Death of any.
If it be ſo; I thank my Gracious Lord:
For I was never us'd to pain——How ſay you?
North. We cannot wiſh you leſs, ſince we're to du-

And if the Heads-man do as he's commanded,
'Twill be no more, than 'tis to drop asleep.
Queen. My Lord, I've but a little Neck;
Therefore I hope he'l not repeat his Blow;
But do it, like an Artist, at one stroke.
North. There is no fear. He has particular Order.
Queen. Then let me go; Heav'n chides my fond delay———
But tell the King, I say it as I just
Am going to dye; I both forgive, and bless him,
And thank him as my kindest Benefactor———
First from an humble Maid he lifted me
To Honour; then he took me to his Bed,
The highest State that I could be on Earth;
And now, as if he thought he ne're could do
Enough for me, has mounted me to Heav'n———
North. Mr. Lieutenant on, and lead the way.
Queen. If 'tis no Sin to skip one moment now
Of what belongs to Heav'n; let me remember
Poor *Piercy* once——Here, take this Innocent Kiss,
A Token to you both———'Tis thine and his———
Farewel, *Diana.* Farewell to you all.
Dian. A long farewel to all our Sexes Glory.
Queen. Weep not for me; but hear my dying Sentence.
Any that shall hereafter fall like me.
Falsly accus'd by wicked Men and Traytors;
Tho' in this World y'are great, in Virtue strong;
Never Blaspheme, and say that Heav'n does wrong;
Nor think an undeserv'd Death is hard;
For Innocence is still its own Reward.
And when th' Almighty makes a Saint, sometimes
He acts by Contraries, and Villains Crimes,
Whilst thus, their Malice, always cheated is,
And leads us but the neareſt way to Bliss.

[*Exit Queen to Execution, with* Northumberland *and Guards.*

Enter Piercy *alone.*

Pier. I dread the horrid deed is done, or now
A doing, else what means this sudden Gloom
Clad o're the Morning Sky, and all Mankind:
All pass with Horror by, with frighted Looks and Voice
Lift up to Heav'n, who sees and hears in vain;
Then shake their melancholly heads like Time:
A general Consternation seizes all,
As if the Universal Empress of the World,
Nature it self, were fled with *Anna Bullen*———

Enter a Gentleman with a Handkerchief stain'd with the Queens Blood.

Hast thou beheld this great Eclipse of Virtue?
Speak, is't done? Queen Beheaded? Hast thou

As I commanded?
Gent. Sir, when the fatal blow I saw perform'd,
Swift as a Whirlewind, through the Croud I rush'd,
And, as the Blood from their rich Vessels drain'd,
This Linnen with the Sacred Crimson stain'd.
Pier. Give't me! and leave me to my self a moment.
Now Sacred Drops, now Heav'nly Nectar, first
I'll kiss, then pledge you with a dying Thirst———
What's this! I feel my Soul beat at my Wound,
And bid me to remember now's the time;
Now to let out Life's Navigable Stream,
And mix it with this most Celestial Flood,
Thus, as kind Rivers to their Ocean run.
First I'll descend by just degrees to Earth,
Thus on my Knees, and wing my Soul to Heaven, [*Kneels.*
Where *Anna Bullen* waits for her *Percy*'s coming;
And with this Bloody sign the Pow'rs implore,
Like a poor Wretch, Ship-wrack'd on some Lone shoar,
Who spies a Sail far off, waves 'em his hand
To come, and wast him from the Barren Land.
Enter Diana.
Behold the good *Diana*———by those Tears,
Something of horror 'tis thou hast to say.
Dian. Alas! my Lord, what have you done?
Your Wound does bleed afresh!
Your looks are alter'd! all those Masculine Beauties,
That shone in your Illustrious Face, and made
The noblest brave Epitomy of Mankind,
Are vanish'd on a sudden, and you hang
Like a pale Carcass on my trembling Arms———
Hah! let me run and call for help——I'll fetch
Your Father, fetch the King. Quick, let me go——
Pier. O bear me to some horrid Desart rather,
Where nought but Tygers, Wolves, and Panthers breed,
They are more merciful than King or Parent.
I feel, like the wrong'd Patriarch, a desire
To do some fatal Mischief with my end.
Stand by me; and correct me with thy Virtue,
Else I shall lose the Duty of a Son,
And Subject, do a rashness to be fam'd for,
Pull down a show'r of Curses on the Heads
Of this *Philistim*-King, and Cruel Father.
Dian. Still, still your looks grow Paler, and your strength
Decays! Oh let me call some help. Who's there?
Pier. Grief, like a subtle Limbeck, by degrees,
[illegible]h still diffusion quite dissolves my heart,

But first *Diana*, I'll be just to thee———
I doubt if I have strength to rise again———
[*She raises him upon his Knee.*
My Father made me vow to be your Husband;
If I here die———I kneel that you'd forgive me;
But if I live, I'll keep my promise to you.
Dian. You faint, you sink, you die; some Creature help——
Pier. Go, strive to lave the Water of the Sea,
And quench the burning *Ætna*, 'tis in vain,
And so are *Esculapius* Remedies to me———
Look, see'st thou this, as long as I have this, [*Shews the Handkerchief.*
This here, to waft me o'er Deaths dreadful Main,
I need no Sword, no Poison, nor no Pain.
Dian. What's that I see? Your Blood? Your vital Blood!
Pier. Yes! of a Heart far Dearer than my own.
Now, now my Blood, my Crowd of Spirits, all
Rush to behold, and with their Standard fall.
Dian. Why stand I here, like Marble made of Woe,
And run not for the cure of both our lives?
For shou'd I stay, I shall betray my Love
In dying with him. [*Exit* Diana *running.*
Pier. Thus when the Generous Lyon sees the Blood
Of his once Royal Master shed like this;——
Taking the Lawn, stain'd with Imperial Gore,
At first he Frowns, and then begins to Roar.
Lashes his Sides; his fiery Eye-balls rolls,
And with his awful Voice Revenge he calls;
Till finding no Relief, at length he's mute,
And weeps, Tears falling from the Kingly Brute;
Then gently on it, as his Death-bed lies,
And with a Groan, breaks his stout Heart, and Dies. [*Dies.*

Enter Northumberland, *and* Gentlemen.

Gentl. He's dead! Alas, he's dead! W'are come too late!
North. Here let me fix till my Gray Hairs shall rot,
Or turn to Snakes, to plague this Aged Head;
And never more be look'd on to upbraid me!
This is a Punishment for what my Eyes
Unpitying saw; and now I feel, dear *Piercy*,
Thy Father's Curses on his own head turn,
And thou art blest, and I alas, forlorn.

Enter King, Lords, Attendants, *and* Guards.

King. Whom mourn'st thou over? Whose dead Body's that?
North. 'Tis *Piercy's*: You and all good Men should weep,
For you have lost a faithful Queen, and I a Son.
King. Thy Tongue's too bold! Are all the Traitors dead?
North. Norris and *Rochford*, and th' unhappy Queen,
Were all Beheaded in one fatal hour;

Yet all the Traitors are not dead.
King. What mean'ſt thou?
Say! who has ſcap'd?
North. The haughty *Blunt*, deckt with
Her proudeſt Ornaments of Gold and Jewels,
Came to behold their Ends upon the Scaffold,
And ſaw 'em with a Helliſh Cruelty;
Till *Anna Bullen*'s Head lopp'd from her Body;
The brighteſt Ornament of that Perſon fell
Upon that wretched Womans knees, as ſhe
Was ſitting to behold that diſmal ſight:
The Trunkleſs Head with darting Eyes beheld her,
Making a motion with its Lips to ſpeak,
As if they meant t'upbraid her curſed Treaſon.
When ſtreight the dreadful Accident ſo ſtruck her,
Swift as a Hind ſhe gave a leap, and with
A ſudden ſhriek, ſhe ſtarted into Madneſs,
So fierce, that juſt and ſpeedy Death muſt follow;
Then uttering ſtrange, and horrid Guilty Speeches,
In her diſtraction ſhe accus'd her ſelf,
And *Woolſey*: Talk'd that the Queen was innocent;
Saying the Letters found within her Cloſet
Were falſe, and plac'd by them to ruine her:
For which her cruel Ghoſt, ſhe ſaid, did haunt her.
King. Where is the Traitor *Woolſey?*
North. Fled to *Eſher*.
King. Go you in Perſon, and ſecure the Villain!
Many foul Cauſes claim his forfeit Life;
But if I find him guilty in the leaſt,
Of a Contrivance with this curſed Woman;
(Though the Queen juſtly merited her End)
I'll rack his Soul out with a thouſand Tortures.
North. 'Twill be ſome joy to my Revenge and *Piercy*'s.
King. For thy Son's Death, thy King ſhall be a Mourner——
Now Heav'n vouchſafe to pardon till this time,
What I by Sycophants advice have done,
I will be Abſolute, and Reign alone:
For where's a States-man fam'd for juſt and wiſe;
But makes our failings, ſtill his aim to riſe?
If Subjects thus their Monarchs Wills reſtrain;
'Tis they are Kings; for them we idly Reign:
Then I'll firſt break the Yoak; this Maxim ſtill
Shall be my Guide (*A Prince can do no ill!*)
In ſpight of Slaves, his Genius let him truſt;
For Heav'n ne'er made a King, but made him juſt. [*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

Well, Sirs! Your kind Opinion now, I pray:
Of this our neither Whig *nor* Tory-*Play;*
To blow such Coals our Conscious Muse denies;
Wit, Sacred Wit, such Subjects should despise.
The Author says his Heliconian *stream,*
Is not yet drain'd to such a low extream.
To abuse one Party with a Cursed Play,
And bribe the other for a large third Day.
Like Gladiators *then, you streight resort;*
And croud to make your Nero-*Faction sport.*
But what's more strange, that Men of Sense shou'd do it!
For Worrying one another, pay the Poet:
So Butchers *at a Baiting, take delight,*
For him that keeps the Bears, *to Roar and Fight;*
Both Friends and Foes, such Authors make their Game,
Who have your Mony, that was all their Aim:
No matter for the Play, nor for their Wit;
The better Farce is Acted in the Pit.
Both Parties to be cheated, well agree;
And swallow any Nonsence, so it be
With Faction fac'd, and guilt with Loyalty.
Here's such a Rout with Whigging, and with Torying,
That you neglect your dear-lov'd sin of Whoring:
The Visor-mask, that ventur'd her Half-Crown,
Finding no hopes but here to be undone;
Like a Cast Mistress, past her dear delight,
Turns Godly streight, and goes to Church in spight;
And does not doubt, since you are grown so fickle,
To find more Cullies in a Conventicle:
We on the Stage stand still, and are content,
To see you Act what we should Represent.
You use us like the Women that you Woe;
You make us sport, and pay us for it too.
Well, w'are resolv'd that in our next Play-Bill,
To Print at large a Tryal of your skill;
And that five hundred Monsters are to fight,
Then more will run to see so strange a sight,
Than the Morocco, *or the* Muscovite.